

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I feel sorry for childless couples, for those married folk who have no bairns to pull the curtains and tear the books and generally disturb the smoothness and propriety of the drawing-room. At no other period of the year does such a condition so obtrude itself as during these holidays. Babies are essential to the hilarity and jollity of Christmas and New Year's. For the first time in a number of years I have been left alone and sought to enjoy myself at Christmas without them. It was impossible to be happy, and the invitation of a friend who has a good stock of them was accepted, for if one is without them the next best thing is to borrow them. One cannot play with other men's children as with one's own, yet what little joy was in the day was in following the band and blowing the mouth organ behind a youngster who was not three years old. We were all absolutely at the mercy of this aggressive youngster; he led the band. We played when he started up; we marched and wore paper caps and had all the jollity there was in the whole day under his direction. I laughed to myself to see the procession he had behind him, for my friend had invited other unhappy men who had no other place to go, and they were glad to serve under this boyish general. At dinner he talked all the time; nobody's arm was safe from being talked off; there was no family secret that he respected; nothing that he would not give away; every detail with regard to the season's delicacies was public property within five minutes after we got there. Fortunately for us all he had no inkling as to prices, but any domestic discussion that had taken place as to what variety of soup, fish and fowl we should have, he gave us before we were there long enough to get our overshoes off. Yet this little speck of naturalism, with his absolutely genuine youth, gave the day its whole character, and he with his brothers and sisters furnished me the only enjoyment I had.

How do childless couples live through all their years without some little baby fingers to warm their hearts? How can they exist without some little touch of nature to warm them into life? Surely they must feel a lack of these innocent and guileless young people who prattle away and forget that strange ears are listening to their gossip. What man or woman would ever repeat any of their remarks? They are so natural, so genuine, so indicative of all that goes on at home that it is refreshing to hear them, while it would be treason to tell of it.

The inner circle of family life is a queer kaleidoscope. I have seen it at home; I have seen it in the families of my friends. Odd things crop up; queer things are permitted; less peculiar things are forbidden, but altogether the lesson is that the babies bring us back to youth and keep us from being cold and heartless and ungenerous. No better inkling can be given of the kindness of family life than the fact that where I ate my Christmas dinner a fat and gentle doe, finding the kitchen door open on the warm day, meandered through the hall and ate bread from the hand of my host. A deer is a wild creature, but when tame and touched by the hand of affection nothing is so tame and so gentle. After the laugh which followed the entrance of this queer visitor, which browsed amongst the flower pots and ate nuts from the hands of youngsters, who are not prone to be gentle with animals, a great big dog came in and asked to be helped, and the pug sat up and begged, and all the little tendernesses of the family were revealed. It made one more human and more glad to be alive. When the horns were blown and the caps put on and the buildings erected, the photographs exhibited and the dressing-cases laid out and each one with unmistakable pride made it evident that someone had been kindly and thoughtful. I sat and thought about the people who had nobody to be good to. There is nothing in other people being good to you unless it is an evidence of affection, but what about the people who have nobody to be good to? What an unfortunate affair it must be!

We cannot be good to ourselves. Here is a drinking toast! "Here's to our noble selves!" We cannot. Somebody else must be good to us; we must be good to somebody else. Those who never hear the little feet of children patter across the hall looking for the tribute of Santa Claus, those who have never contributed to a stocking nor watched for the hug and kiss of overjoyed childhood, they don't know anything about it; they haven't lived. It does not matter how many years we put in, we only live during those in which we can create happiness for other people. We cannot create happiness for ourselves. If we make others happy it reflects on us; we can join in sometimes in a clumsy and even critical way, yet this is all we get out of it. Life is not very long; it does not matter how short it is, we can get some of it; we may miss it all. It is immaterial how long it is, still we may miss it all. Christmas is not worth a cent without babies, without youngsters, without somebody who has not outgrown the idea of being happy.

This has been a queer majority campaign. It began with many candidates already in the field and many who were expected. Those who felt neighborly were prepared to give their favors to the neighbors who asked them, yet I imagine that in the end canvassing and chicanery will play the most unimportant part that has been played in Toronto for many years.

I have had the pleasure—it has sometimes

been a pleasure—to be in many political and municipal campaigns. The one which will end on the 4th of January I consider the most peculiar one in which I have had any interest. It began by the nomination of Mr. Osler, when the idea was prevalent that so distinguished a man having been brought out no one would offer himself as an opponent. Instead of this being the case, three men representing an equal number of interests came into the field and Mr. Osler's chances seemed slight indeed. His friends regretted having induced him to enter the campaign, but in view of his own personal opposition to such a procedure they immediately subscribed liberally in order to make his fight as good a one as could be made. There was no idea of any sinister influence being used, and none has been used, but the grave-yard has voted in Toronto so often that a thorough organization had to be effected to prevent deal men and absentees electing one of the mediocre candidates. The beginning of the fight was dispiriting. Every man on Mr. Osler's committee felt as if he had undertaken a contract which would be hard to fill, not that anyone considered their candidate weak or unimportant, but he was unknown to the general electorate and was absent on business which could not be disregarded. Through two weeks of organization and trouble which those who are not in-

and materially attached to the city. We have made many mistakes in electing mayors, and we know that much could have been done and much prevented had we acted more wisely, and it is entirely useless to lay blame on those who have gone out of office. What we must do is to put good men in office and then something may be accomplished. The man would be a wizard who could reorganize in a moment the extraordinary condition of affairs which now exists, but if it can be done at all an experienced man must be given the task.

Mr. E. B. Osler is making no wild promises, but simply says, "If I go in I will do the best I can; every item shall be examined as a business man examines every line in the bill rendered to him. Where we can reduce expenses without rendering inefficient our city service, they shall be reduced. No new expenditure shall be permitted. The debt shall be taken care of as a debt in my private concern would be looked after." He pretends to no experience; he simply knows that there is only one way of doing business, and he is fully aware that he is conversant with that method. He has handled bigger things than the finances of Toronto, and if entrusted with them he knows just how to go about it.

vans which carried the little fellows to the alleged feast at St. Andrew's Hall were decorated with starvation mottoes and the editorials in the paper which the procession was intended to advertise, all indicated that the little fellows had not in their lifetime had a square meal. I do not think I ever saw such a blatant piece of ostentatious alms-giving as this newsboy feast given by the *News*. Bless me, the majority of the boys have a square meal once a day—thrice a day. They are not beggars. The hilarious little chaps sell newspapers and they make money out of it. I know one of them who has twenty-five hundred dollars in the bank and every cent of it was made out of newspapers. It is a shame to advertise them as paupers, for they are nothing of the sort; they are the shrewdest little merchants in the city. They are not dependent on a newspaper for a square meal. If they are, Toronto has come to a very sickly condition and the newspaper that advertises them as ill-fed miserable little paupers is insulting them while endeavoring to uplift itself as a giver of good gifts. I do not think the newsboys will be ever trapped into an advertising dodge of this sort again, and as it was the vans were not half loaded with those who sell newspapers but with boys who were out for a lark. It may seem uncharitable to characterize the whole thing as a fake, and yet nothing was

live, crowd every minute and every hour and every day and every week and every month and every year and every decade with all we can do. And if we die we have lived. If we sleep a hundred years and wake up to celebrate the anniversary of the century, we are only babies; we have not lived.

Heart failure is a great complaint nowadays. What does it mean? The heart that was meant to run for seventy-five years has run itself down in thirty-five or forty years. All the better. We have been here less time and we have done it all, seen it all, had it all. The heart has tired out. Then let us quit. Once a year I try to preach this little sermon of not trying to stretch out a thirty-five year life to a hundred. It is better to compress a hundred years into thirty-five or forty or fifty, or if by reason of strength we can hang on until seventy, all the better. I do not believe it shortens it a bit. Everything in nature teaches us to "keep our move on." The forest tells us that the biggest tree is the one apt to fall, and when it falls the daisies and the buttercups and the strawberry blossoms and everything else is crushed, yet if the daisies and the strawberries and the buttercups and the blossoms were crushed they will no more hear the thunder and lightning and the trouble of the storm, and they are all right. What difference does it make?

The preacher and the poet are alike in saying that the beauty of the thought and the honor of the action amount to everything, and the length of days and the unbeauty of the surroundings amount to nothing. The prophet told us that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. If the posies and the strawberry blossoms and the ferns are crushed by the fall of the tree and the blast of the storm, there is just so much less vanity and vexation of spirit for them. We hope on and endure; we wish to do good things and fall; we try to do good things and are suspected of evil motives. It doesn't matter. After the tree falls the storm clears away; there is beauty and delight in life; other blossoms appear; other posies delight the eye; nature has not been wrecked; nobody, nothing is missed. Those who are alive are no more important than those who are dead, and so from New Year's until New Year's we circle around the sun on this great big ball and forget how little we amount to, how much we can do, how much we can leave undone, how little there is in anything except in shedding brightness and beauty and life and ephemeral glory on whatever flowers, on whatever faces look up to ours for their sunlight.

Is there or is there not something in amusing people in this world? I have enjoyed the pleasure of knowing a large number of comedians who have contributed perhaps more than any other men within the last two decades, to amusing the public. They made money and fame by making people laugh. With but few exceptions I have known all the funny men in theatrical and literary circles who belong to or have visited America. None of them seemed to have enjoyed what a contemporary calls "clowning." The cleverest comedian that I have ever known leaves the theater feeling that he has sacrificed some of his dignity in order to make people laugh. Did you ever know a man who could make people laugh and still retain all of his dignity? I have known a great many people who could make a point by holding the audience with what has been called "clowning." Many times I have seen the substratum of sense find its way and dwell with a great big heavy load on the heart of the man who has been laughing. Many of the best points are made by evangelists, as well as "clowns," by a well turned sentence or funny gesture, yet after all what does the man amount to who does it? If he be a preacher he is called a sensationalist. He may make money and people may go to hear him in thousands. If he is an actor he may make more money than anybody who does tragedy as his profession, but he is never happy. The man who makes people laugh is the man who most of all would like to make people cry; he is the man who appreciates the undercurrent of tragedy in human life better than the weeping preacher or the ranting tragedian. It is the nearness to tears that makes the laugh come so readily. The man who makes us laugh most is the one who understands that which hysteria produces. Skating lightly over the surface of our emotions he whirles on the rottenest ice and makes us laugh to think how cunningly he evaded disaster. The surprise, the unexpectedness of the deviation from the line of rhetoric is what makes us laugh. The sudden dropping into the sadness of what we know and the gruesomeness of what we may expect, makes us cry. They may be both tricks of the rhetorician; they may be the heart touches of the orator, but the people who listen never think of the difference. If they cry the man is an orator; if they laugh he is a comedian, a fun-maker, a clown. Yet I have seen a great many places, heard a great many speakers and listened to a large number of preachers, reported a great many political orators, and the art of it all, the touch that separates the man who knows his audience and understands the chords of the human heart from the man who gets up and blabs and blats and roars and fumes and thinks he is making a speech, is the mere trifle which separates the musician from the piano pounder, the elocutionist from the unfortunate person who gets up and reads and makes his hearers wish he were dead, the man who knows how to sing from the man who sings without knowing how. These little dif-



Princess Mary of Teck.

interested cannot appreciate, the fight for Mr. Osler was made with a heroism worthy of the good cause in which the committee had engaged. The gods are good to those who try to do right. Things began to look brighter, and by the time Mr. Osler returned from the Old Country we knew that his chances and his claims had been very well established. Since then Mr. Osler, who is by no means an orator, has grown in public favor in the most remarkable way. His first utterances were the modest words of a man who understood himself to be lacking in the tricks of rhetoric and in the tricks of the politician. Every meeting which he has addressed has observed the man and weighed the honest sincerity of his words, and all the assistants that he has had in this campaign have not made as many votes for Mr. Osler as the man has made for himself. Moreover, he has developed extraordinary strength and his speeches, as he has become accustomed to the people and to the sound of his own voice, show signs of power which in later years will make him a man high in the councils of the Dominion of Canada. He is deliberate in his utterance; he says nothing that can be denied or even misrepresented; he is careful, and yet there is an honesty in his words which has enormous weight.

I firmly believe that Mr. E. B. Osler will be elected mayor. If he is not I shall be sorry; I shall be sorry, not because I am personally attached to the man, but because I am sincerely

Mr. McMillan talks a great deal about "Honest John," referring to himself. This may be a very good joke but it is in exceedingly bad taste. The man who talks about his own honesty is a little bit off color. Honesty is or should be one of the primary characteristics of a man. He has no more right to boast about it, or to talk about it, than he has to get up on a platform and brag about being truthful or decent. Mr. McMillan has a noisy support which the public may mistake for strength. Mr. Fleming is presumably strong, inasmuch as his organ claims for him the labor vote and the temperance people are said to look upon him as their leader. Yet Brother McMillan is destroying his chances by proving him insincere in everything. Duplicity has never been successful and never will be. Mr. Osler addresses an audience as if he were entirely unconcerned as to the result; he talks like a man who is not hunting for the job, and is quite willing to be honest. He is not fluent in speech but he is sincere, and sincerity will win. E. B. Osler will be mayor.

One of the funny things in this campaign and in the newspaper business—for those of us who write for newspapers cannot forget the newspaper phase of it—was the treat given to the newsboys by the *Evening News*. It was a good advertisement and very well engineered, but it was overworked. When we give alms it is a recognized principle that we should not do it while shouting upon the street corners. The band wagon and the

ever more distinctly and lugubriously a fake than the loud-mouthed donation of a few buns to the boys of the town. Newspapers that have to get themselves in sight in this way would be more fortunate if they spent the money in acquiring a genuine circulation or in giving alms quietly to those who need support.

Life is counted by heart beats, not by the tick of the clock, nor the days in the almanac, nor by the pictures on the calendar. It is said that we live more rapidly than of old. Well, what if we do? We are in this world to live, not to sleep. When we live we are doing, feeling, enduring, being happy or miserable, sad or gay. The wind touches us; the sea is bright and glittering, smooth and delightful, or overcast with clouds dark and rolling, tempestuous, threatening, destroying! What matters it whether we see all these things in an hour or in a day? There are men who are a hundred years old who have not lived fifteen minutes; there are men of thirty who have lived three centuries. The chief aim of life is not to prolong it but to fill it, fill it full and overflowing, and may it be God's measure and God's gift! If we fill it with folly, or folly mixed with goodness, that shall we have paid back unto us. But let us live! One of the oldest of the adages, popular now and immortal, is, "Live and let live." We are alive to-day, but we are not the only people who are alive. There are others who seek to exist, and we must divide up. The more we divide the more we have left over; but let us

ferences do not amount to much, but there is nobody who suffers so much from misconception as the funny man; that is, the real funny man. How often I have heard Billy Florence deplore the fact that he could not play the most tragic part without making people laugh, and my old friend, now dead, peace be to his ashes, George S. Knight, used to wonder why people always wanted him to make them laugh. He made his great success as Otto, the German. Then he tried until he lost all his money Baron Rudolph, one of the sweetest and wittiest and most pathetic plays ever put on an American stage. Surfeited with theaters as I have been because of the necessities of my business, I have cried over Baron Rudolph, I have suffered with Ruddy the Tramp and felt new impulses to goodness and honor as the poor vagabond resumed his old place in society; I have laughed and almost shuddered to see the same man play Over the Garden Wall, a rank travesty of the beautiful paths that underlay the laughter and tears of which he was fond. But he had to do it; the people wanted to laugh and when they saw George Knight they thought that laughter was what they had paid for; they must laugh. What care they that beneath his life and beneath the life of those characters which he portrayed, there lay an ocean of tears, a sadness, a dreadfulness, a fear of misconception which made him one of the saddest of men.

I think we fail sometimes to see how near laughter is to tears; how near the touches which make us smile are those which make us weep. Ella Wheeler Wilcox said, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," yet all the glory and honor seem to go to those who make us weep. The persons all try to make us cry; we don't want to; they don't want to. There is nothing particular for us to cry about. Then why should not the men who make us laugh have some share in public approbation? Why should every comedian who lives leave the stage sad and be sorry because he has made people laugh? I have known so many of them who have wondered if the laughing business was not all a failure, who desired to be tragic simply to let the people know that there was something in them besides the clown, that I feel sorry for myself and everybody else who sometimes has an opportunity to carry away the same thought. Those who make us laugh are nearer to ourselves; there is more pathos in the laugh than there is in the cry. The world is not funny; it is dead serious. There is more art in making people laugh than in making them cry; more feeling is necessary, a deeper estimate of the currents which underlie every life. Yet people laugh and think there is nothing in it but a trick of the voice. They cry and think that some great big soul has awakened them. The cry comes from the trick of the voice, not the laugh. That strange hysterical feeling which makes us long either to laugh or cry, that something which is the bond between men, the declaration of kinship, is all in the laugh, and in these delicate or indelicate touches, whatever they may be—and they are generally gauged according to the audience—the laugh is called "clowning" and the cry "art," a knowledge of the heart. When the people know the undercurrent and see the little boats turn where the tide swirls, they will cease to wonder that the so-called funny men are sad and that the sad men are gay.

Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell
Of saddest thought.

Did you ever meet the jolly woman, the woman who makes people laugh, who is sought after because she is so entertaining and her conversation is so exhilarating? Did you ever notice that in her face there is a history, that in the gay and rollicking voice there is a story fraught with pain, that her eyes cloud up as the eyes of a woman who does not know the world never cloud? She does the "clowning" for society; she does some of the suffering for her sex. She it is who falls over with her face on the pillows and weeps tears of bitterness; she it is who looks back and buries her sorrow under a laugh which has in it that hysteria, that contagion which makes other people laugh. Laughter is mixed with tears always. There is a seriousness about laughing which is the seriousness of life. A great many people cannot help laughing at a funeral if the slightest incident provokes mirth. At times people would like to cry, somehow they are most inclined to laugh because mirth is so close to the surface and is simply the overcoat, the film, the ice of self-possession that covers the flood beneath. One can always be sure that men or women who make other people laugh have for many days and nights, for many years, had hard work to hide traces of tears, and have often found it inconvenient to appear in public because their eyes were swollen with a flood pent up behind and their hearts full of the tragedy which shallow people portray and deeper natures conceal. So runs the world away. We laugh and cry, and cry and laugh. When we laugh the world is with us; if we cry at the right time the world thinks we are awfully sweet and good. But best of all, let us laugh, for after all we are not willing to cry except at a play or do it involuntarily at a funeral, and we suspect those who cry at other times, even while we smooth them down and comfort them and sneer at The Man Who Laughs.

A few people here and there have a hazy notion that perhaps when they proceed to mark their ballots on Monday they will be afforded a chance to give an opinion on the question of free books for the public schools in Toronto. Nobody seems to really know anything about it. From certain passing references made to the subject in the daily papers recently, I conclude that the ballot slip handed to each voter on Monday will interrogate him on the free school book matter. The men who engineered this thing up to an issue should have stood by it and given it a hand through the deep waters of election day. A year ago, or less, the proposal was actively discussed and people were familiar at least with the name if not the merits of it, but the public memory is defective and it may so chance that a valuable reform will now suffer defeat through the indifference of voters, who, if they had time to think, would warmly approve of it. A man cannot properly weigh an economic question like this in the minute allowed him behind the red curtain of his polling booth, and no matter how plainly worded a question may be it should not confront him there for the first time. The first impulse of a man is to resent any other man's idea unless it is insinuated into his favor in one of a thousand ways, so that when he is met with a proposal in the briefest possible number of words in a polling booth he mentally exclaims, "Whose fad is that!" and negatives it forthwith. That first impulse rules him, for he has no time for a second, but on going out and turning the idea over, should he be asked by a friend he would admit there were two sides to the question. Feeling that in being thus consulted the idea was as much his as anybody's, he might even champion it and do evangelistic work in its behalf until the poll closes.

This being the stuff of which men are made, it seems almost fatal to the free school book proposal that it should have been dropped out of sight for several months, only to bob up on election day to startle the average ratepayer and affront the dignity and offend the unconscious selfishness of his mind.

When we go so far towards having absolutely free schools it is illogical to pause where the books of study and instruction are required. We furnish carefully equipped buildings and trained teachers. If pupils do not come of their free will we send policemen to bring them in. Yet without books they cannot study, for books are as necessary as teachers and are as integral a part of our school arrangements as the buildings. At present we have not free schools for the education of all classes of children. The poor man and the averagely-circumstanced mechanic who happens to have a very large family must remove his youngsters from school while their advancement is small, owing to the increasing cost of books. It is proportionately cheaper now to give schooling to a family of seven than to one child, for the reason that the younger ones can use the books no longer required by the older ones. The proposal that books shall be made free contemplates a broader economy than is seen in a large family, an economy in which the children of the municipality shall constitute one family among whom all books shall descend and not one escape without serving its utmost use.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Henderson of Detroit is spending the holidays with her aunt, Mrs. A. McLean Howard of Carlton street.

Dr. J. G. Kennedy, formerly one of Toronto's best known physicians, died in Chicago a few days since.

The French Conversation Club will meet this evening at the residence of Mrs. Proctor of No. 71 Grenville street.

A very lovely wedding was celebrated on Monday morning last in St. Luke's church. The bride was one of Toronto's prettiest daughters, Miss Florence Ellis, fourth daughter of the late James Ellis, and the groom, Mr. Herbert R. Walker, eldest son of the late R. Irving Walker. Miss Ellis wore a gown of white brocade satin trimmed with ostrich feathers and pearls, and her veil was held in place by a handsome diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom. She was led to the altar by her brother-in-law, Mr. Proctor, and was followed by her sister, Miss Lily Ellis, as maid of honor, and the Misses Baird, Maud Proctor, Kitty and Elsie Riordan as bridesmaids. These young ladies wore frocks of white serge and hats trimmed with ostrich feathers. The bride and her maids carried bouquets of roses. Dr. Langtry, the rector, performed the marriage ceremony, and Mr. W. E. Lincoln Hunter acted as best man. The ushers were Messrs. Norman Ellis, A. R. Walker, Trevor Horrocks and Bert Thompson. The wedding *dejeuner* was followed by a reception at the residence of Mr. Proctor, 71 Grenville street, whose charming house, always rich in objects of interest and the spoils of foreign travel, looked unusually well in its Christmas and nuptial fineries. Many beautiful presents were given the popular young bride—diamonds, china and various other artistic and elaborate gifts being visible. Mr. and Mrs. Walker have sailed for England and will make a prolonged and interesting tour on the continent. Perhaps no bride has carried with her more general good wishes than this universally and deservedly popular lady. Among the guests who assembled to wish her happiness were Mrs. R. Irving Walker, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordan, Mr. James E. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lawson, Rev. James and Mrs. Henderson, Rev. Hugh Johnston, Capt. and Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Roper, Mr. and Miss Fitch, Dr. Norman and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hart Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Horrocks, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cheyne, Messrs. and the Misses Merrick, Mr. and Mrs. Layton, Dr. George A. Peters, Mrs. T. W. S. Forster, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, Miss Maud Baird, Miss Worden, Mrs. and Miss Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis, Mr. George Baird, Mr. Charles Baird, Mr. W. Bunting, Mr. Percy Horrocks, Mr. George Bunting, Buffalo: Miss Mills, Miss Annie Mills, Mr. Joseph Palmer, Mr. Willans, Guelph: Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis, Mrs. Hill, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Susie Ellis, Miss Edna Walker, Gardie Walker, Eric Walker, Misses Chopitea, Frankie Riordan and Millie Bridge-land.

A very pleasant young people's party was given in the evening by Mrs. Proctor.

Mrs. Robert Gooderham gave an At Home on Wednesday afternoon, which was well attended.

A large number of friends of the McMaster University attended the Founders' Day assembly, when an excellent programme was pre-

sented and a very enjoyable time spent by all.

The Canadian Society of Musicians' concert was another affair which attracted many nice people. The attraction was M. de Packmann the charming pianist, whose rendition of Chopin's music is beyond praise.

Mrs. Lennox of 50 Beaconsfield avenue gave a cabaret party on Thursday evening. Her guests entered thoroughly into the fun of this very funny way of securing a nice prize to take home.

Letters received from Miss Milligan, daughter of Colonel Milligan, who is just now somewhere in North Africa or thereabouts, give a charming description of her visit to Gibraltar, where she was fortunate enough to find her father's old regiment quartered, and to enjoy the delightful hospitality of Colonel Gordon and the officers of the famous 42nd, known as the Black Watch.

A quiet wedding took place in Belleville on the afternoon of Christmas day at the residence of Mr. John Lance, uncle of the bride, the contracting parties being Miss Edith Orre of Belleville and Mr. S. R. Graham of the Molson's Bank, Toronto. The marriage ceremony was conducted by the Rev. W. T. Graham of Ottawa, brother of the groom. Miss Pearl Orre, sister of the bride, gracefully performed the duties of bridesmaid, whilst Mr. C. M. Wilson of Toronto supported the groom. The happy couple left for the west on their honeymoon, carrying with them the best wishes of their many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Graham will make their home in Toronto.

Miss Mair, sister of Mrs. G. T. Denison, who has been suffering from an attack of scarlet fever, is convalescing.

Mrs. Harry Symons, who has been for some time in Winnipeg, has returned to Toronto.

A large number of society people have witnessed Davenport's representation of Cleopatra at the Grand this week. On Tuesday evening the boxes were filled by several theater parties, and a large number of the *elite* occupied seats in other parts of the house.

Miss Sadd of 53 Avenue road left on Saturday to visit friends in Hudson, N. Y., with whom she will spend the next few weeks.

The Wanderers' Bicycle Club dance in the Pavilion takes place on Friday, January 15, and promises to be very successful. The society editor was so much impressed by the swiftness and impulse of their new emblem as to inadvertently set the date for their dance three days ahead of time in last week's paper.

The Grenadiers' Assembly, which takes place on January 12, will no doubt sustain the reputation of the gallant redcoats as the princes of hospitality.

On Saturday night last about fifty members of the Victoria Club and their friends sat down to a most enjoyable dinner given by the steward, Mr. Robert O'Hara.

Mr. A. St. Germain, one of Canada's oldest newspaper men, is at present touring the world. When last heard of he and his family were at Castle Corner, Ireland, the birthplace of Mrs. St. Germain.

Dr. Crawford Scadding has returned from a visit of some duration to Toledo and Detroit.

Dr. W. F. Chappell of New York city spent Christmas with his parents at 575 Sherbourne street.

Mrs. McCaul of Huron street gave a dinner party last evening.

On Wednesday, Judge and Mrs. Osler entertained a party of friends at dinner at their residence, 35 Avenue street.

Sir Adam Wilson was attacked by a stroke of paralysis on Saturday last and died on Tuesday evening. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on September 22, 1814, and came to Canada when scarcely sixteen years of age. He placed himself under articles in January, 1834, to the Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan, at that time a partner of the Hon. Robert Baldwin. In Trinity term, 1839, he was called to the bar and entered into partnership with the Hon. Robert Baldwin. On November 28, 1850, he was appointed a Queen's Counsel along with Justices Hagarty and Gwynne. During the same year he was elected a member of the Law Society. In 1850 he was elected alderman of the city of Toronto, and four years thereafter he became mayor of the city, being the first chief magistrate elected by a popular vote. This position he held for two years. Mr. Wilson was offered the Solicitor-Generalship, which he accepted and held with a seat in the executive till 1863. On May 11, 1863, he was appointed a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench for Upper Canada. When Chief Justice Hagarty was transferred from the Court of Queen's Bench to the Court of Appeal, Chief Justice Wilson was appointed to succeed him as Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench Division. This position he held until Nov. 14, 1887, when, being worn out with his long and arduous labors, he resigned and retired into private life. On Dec. 20 of the same year he was knighted. About 1844 Sir Adam Wilson was married to a daughter of the late Thomas Dalton, which lady survives him. Sir Adam had no family.

Around Osgoode Hall the news was received with surprise and sorrow, and most profound sympathy was expressed for the bereaved widow and for the friends of the deceased. Sir Adam Wilson was held in the highest esteem both as a judge and as a gentleman, and only words of commendation and praise were to be heard. In civil matters his decisions were followed with the greatest confidence, and though in criminal matters he was exceedingly severe, yet criminals received the fairest possible trials, and the sentences passed upon them were those which His Lordship felt bound by conscience and duty to pass.

The Oriole Social Club hold their annual At Home in Webb's parlors on Wednesday, January 15.

Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, who has just returned from New York, gave a charming musicale on

Tuesday evening to the members of the Canadian Society of Musicians and other friends. A large number of the musical people of Toronto were in attendance, and a most delightful evening was spent. Several members of the society and others contributed to the success of the evening by vocal and instrumental selections, and the fair hostess herself played some delicious *morceaux*.

Dr. Garratt spent Christmas with his parents in Picton.

Several members of the Cleopatra company are suffering from influenza, and two of the ladies have so far succumbed as to be obliged to return to New York. Their places are so ably filled, however, that as Koko has it, "they never will be missed."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Weeks of Grand Rapids, Michigan, are spending the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. B. Linton, at 551 King street west.

A most original and amusing entertainment was that given by Messrs. Pease & Milne to the Toronto Bicycle Club and their friends on Wednesday of last week. The cosy club house was filled with an interested audience, many of whom received Xmas presents from the depths of the magic box which "Jimmy Milne found in the woods." The evening concluded with a dance to the music of Neapolitano's orchestra.

Mrs. John Cawthra of Beverley street gave an afternoon tea on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Henry Duggan gave a very pleasant *cuchre* party on Saturday last.

A calico ball was given at the Arlington Hotel last Monday, under the direction of Mr. Percy Galt. The proceeds of the evening were donated to the poor fund of Grace church.

Among the numerous family parties which Christmas called together, was a very delightful family dinner given by Mrs. William Mulock, on December 25.

Mrs. (Dr.) McLene is visiting her mother, Mrs. East of 147 Gerrard street.

On Christmas Eve the guests of Miss Speers of 98 St. Patrick street presented her with a handsome piano extension lamp and shade, very beautiful in design and workmanship, thus showing their appreciation of her generous attention to their comfort.

Mr. Frederic Roper, who recently resigned his position as secretary and auditor of the Great North-Western Telegraph Co., has been presented by his friends in that company with a gold watch. Mr. Roper having held his position for the past ten years will be very much missed. The directors on Wednesday passed a resolution recording their sense of Mr. Roper's valuable services.

Mr. M. F. Brown, the genial and popular president of the Ontario Coal Company, had a surprise on Christmas Eve by being waited on by the yardmen and drivers of his firm, who presented him with a life size portrait of himself, accompanied by an address expressive of the great respect in which he was held and the good will that exists between himself and his employees.

Miss Amy Ince and Miss Roberts are visiting Miss Lundy of Peterborough.

The Christmas issue of the *Trader*, devoted to the interests of the jewelry trade, is by long odds the handsomest and best printed trade annual I have seen in Canada. It is a credit to Brother McNaught. The illustrations are exceedingly fine, the typography and reading matter excellent, and altogether it compares favorably with the best issues of trade papers in New York and Philadelphia.

The *Monetary Times* sends out a pretty little souvenir in the shape of a pocket tablet. The inside covers are adorned with business maxims which cannot be disregarded. Like SATURDAY NIGHT the *Monetary Times* is one of the successful Canadian weeklies, and it deserves its success inasmuch as it spends money and gives every customer value. May its New Year be a happy and successful one.

Tools Get Moon-Struck

It is not generally known that the light of sun and the moon exercises a deleterious effect on edge tools. Knives, drills, scythes and sickles assume a blue color if they are exposed for some time to the light and heat of the sun; the sharp edge disappears and the tool is rendered absolutely useless unless it is retempered. Purchasers should therefore be on their guard against buying tools from retail dealers and peddlers which, for show purposes, have probably been exposed for days together to the glare of the sun. The unserviceableness of tools acquired under these conditions is generally wrongly attributed to bad material or to inferior workmanship. A similarly prejudicial effect has been exercised by moonlight. An ordinary cross cut saw is asserted to have been put out of shape in a single night by exposure to the moon.

FINE and FANCY CUTLERY

Ivory, Dessert and Table Knives, Carvers, &c.

DESSERT and FISH EATING Knives and Forks in SETS and CASES

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED

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To Weddings, Dinner, Dance and Juvenile Parties
Menu Cards, Visiting Cards, Ball
Programmes, Etc.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE PATTERNS

JAMES BAIN & SON, 39 King St. E., Toronto

CHRISTMAS SALE

Paris Kid Glove Store

SPECIAL prices in Gloves for the Christmas Trade.

Lined Gloves Lacing Gloves
Derby Gloves Biarritz Gloves
Driving Gloves Evening Gloves

All the newest shades, in high colors, suitable for evening wear.

NOVELTIES IN

Fans, Glove Boxes, Lace Handkerchiefs and Perfumery

Millinery
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Mantles

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King St. E., Toronto



ABOVE all other pianos in the World the

STECK

is distinguished for its melodious, almost human tone. No piano possesses such potent charm for listener and player alike. To know a Steck piano is to know the best the world produces.

Sole Agents in Ontario:

FARWELL & GLENDON

Also agents for Canada's beautiful pianos, the New Scale Dominion, Dunham, N. Y., and others.



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250 YONGE ST. 2ND FLOOR.

CUNARD LINE

Passengers leaving New York per SS. **EMERALD**, DECEMBER 13 Will arrive in England on the 19th inst.

Tickets and information from—**W. A. GEDDES - Agent** 69 Yonge Street, Toronto

WINTER

TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY

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RATES REDUCED

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Sixty hours from New York, THURSDAYS

BARBADOS

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Fans and Other Fancies.



HE tendency toward extravagance in all details and accessories of the feminine toilet is carried possibly to its highest pitch in the design and quality of the new evening fans. Gauze, lace and feathers, satin, silk and kid, have season in and season out been reintroduced, remodeled in ornamentation, and recombined, until it seemed as though nothing new were left to be done. Something new has, however, been thought out, and the results are fearfully wonderful, beautiful, and fragile. On sticks of black, perfumed wood, fretted like lace by the carver's tools, are lightly stretched to left and right ribbed black gauze bat-wings, joined in the center of the fan to the slender black velvet body of a peculiarly life-like bat, whose downy head with neat little ears and jewel eyes, stands above the fan's top. This enchanting eventail when closed leaves the bat's body, claws, and head well outside the folds of the sticks, the gauze covering of which so overlaps as to resemble a bat's wings when folded. Needless to say, such a fan is not for use, but belongs to that rapidly increasing class of feminine bric-a-brac, to which the new parasols, card cases, gloves, purses and slippers must soon be added. A second original genius, run to earth in search of a novelty, has grasped at fur as the straw by which to save himself from ignominious defeat, and combining this with silk, velvet and kid, has produced some astonishing effects. On a silken background he has applied a troupe of unmistakable cats—furry tabbies and tom-mies, of every color and species. With a certain artistic inspiration, he portrays against a gray-blue silk background a basket of Maltese kittens, and on a folding fan of white satin a row of stately Angora felines. Feathers from the ostrich's plume wings, even the irreverent novelty fowl darts not to their proper dignity, and most elegant use in fan-making, and though gauze creations are attractive and real fur kittens have charms, no right-minded woman would hesitate a moment between such empty lures and a superb sheaf of ostrich feathers. Six perfect plumes, eighteen inches long, are the exact number with which to make up the most sumptuous and satisfactory fan one can possess. These plumes, when mounted on smooth, heavy sticks of blonde shell, of the tortoise-shell that is opalescent with deep, jewel-like tones, make the perfect fan—one that will last, with care, for years, and when laid away will form a charming heritage for appreciative posterity. White, black, and gray are, any one, good tones in which to select feather fans. These are least likely to be copied in imitation feathers, and are always appropriate and harmonious for use with all gowns.

If you wish to give a young relative some pretty article of dress, choose for her a deep fall of white lace of open pattern, gathered to chiffon of a becoming color, with a collar band above of chiffon folds, to wear with various dresses in the house. Or she may need for the street a little fur cravat, showing the head, feet and tail of the small animal. Another useful gift is a hat pin of silver or gold, with a long stick pin to thrust through the hat and hair. A chiffon fan, in frills down each side, or in crimped petals that represent a myrmoth poppy or rose, is charming for young ladies to carry in the evening. A white veil of real applique lace, or one of excellent imitation thereof, is in favor for day wear. As one cannot have too many handkerchiefs, a welcome gift is a box of them, all of sheer linen with narrow quarter-inch hems, or more costly ones with *fleurs-de-lis* or bow knots embroidered in each corner, or those of web-like fineness with narrow drawn-work next the hem, or else a single lace trimmed muchoir, to be used on or on elaborate occasions, much like those her mother carried in her own young days. Among odd novelties this season are slipper tips of silver or gold, with chased or *repoussé* decorations. They are easily adjustable to any slipper, and can be used to ornament plain slippers of satin or suede kid—black, white or gray.

New vinaigrettes are small, stumpy bottles, convenient for carrying in the pocket; they look very plain, but are of the finest glass with gold that is set with precious stones in trefoil or *fleur-de-lis*, or perhaps with a tiny watch instead. Large bottles for lavender salts are of finely fluted glass, with a gold stuyple to lift out instead of being attached with a joint as were those of last year. Chatelaine lockets in heart shape are made to hold one or two pictures; they are of silver, gold, or enamel. For children are small heart lockets of silver to be worn with a silver bead necklace, or on a ribbon around the neck. For the tennis girl is a silver marker to wear as a chatelaine—a square silver plate showing markers in ivory. Silver and gold thimbles have tiny *fleurs-de-lis* all over them, and some are set with turquoises instead of having the usual knurling.

Charmingly simple evening dresses for young girls in their first season are of the soft white Japanese crepe that has deep crimson crinkles and a very silky surface. They are made with a baby waist with two frills of chiffon falling from the low round neck and caught up high on the shoulders; the full skirt is gathered to the waist and barely touches the floor; two large puffs of chiffon form the sleeves and are held by a bow inside the elbow; white satin ribbon starts from a bow on the left shoulder, and passes in two rows under the right arm to end in a large Japanese bow in the back at the waist line. Other pretty gowns, all pink or all blue, are of any soft French silk, satin, or bengaline. The bell skirt is bordered with a twist of chiffon with satin ribbon wound in it and knotted at intervals. The low round waist has the silk draped across it from shoulder to shoulder, a twist of chiffon and ribbon for trimming the neck, and bunched up chiffon sleeves. A girlish finish is given to the round waist by

satin ribbon five inches wide set on the front as a belt, then carried up in the back to the neck, and tied there in a bow with long ends that hang nearly to the end of the skirt.

Paris modistes make great use of mole-skin this season in its natural gray shade with soft, short, close pile like that of velvet. It is used for plastrons and girdles of cloth or silk gowns, and is a very effective trimming for cloth coats of mauve and brown shades embroidered with fine jet beads.

Mantles of vicuna wool in fawn and brown shades, trimmed with brown badger fur, are very stylish. LA MODE.

Song of the Candidate.

I am a candidate.
The mighty ship of state,
You see, needs mighty careful steering now.
I am a modest man,
But better steerman than
Your humble servant never turned a prow.

The people sigh for me,
Although, of course, they see
How shy and how retiring I am.
They won't let me alone,
Although I frankly own
For office I don't give a tinker's dam.

So I'm a candidate,
Publicity I hate;
But here I am before you, as you see,
More certain every minute
That the other chaps ain't in it—
And, by the way, I hope you'll vote for me.

He Could be Useful.

"You must stay at home to-day," said the humorist's wife.
"Why?"
"I am going to stuff the turkey for to-morrow, and I expect you to furnish the chestnuts."

Mrs. Moriarty's Scheme.



Mrs. M. (loq.)—Shure, it's the great pity to be lavin' the ill-zant rope widout usin' all the toime barrin St. Patrick's day and the Fourt, when it's the beautiful clothes line it makes.



Las Vegas Hot Springs

LAS VEGAS, SANTA FE, ALBUQUERQUE, LAS CRUCES AND DUNING.

These lithia springs are easily accessible by the Santa Fe railroad, in about forty hours from Chicago in a luxurious coach and over a smooth roadbed.

The springs are numerous and the water is of all temperatures (from hot to cool), and has a great reputation for the cure of rheumatism, gout, gravel, skin diseases, catarrh, lithiasis, etc.

There is no malaria there, and the location is delightful at any time of the year. The climate of that high altitude, is invigorating, rendering the baths doubly beneficial. Accommodations ample and reasonable.

References—Prof. W. S. Haines, W. H. Byford, A. Reeves Jackson, R. N. Isham, E. Andrews, D. R. Brower, T. S. Hoyle, Dr. J. J. Ransom, Chas. Gilman Smith, E. J. Doening, J. F. Todd, D. T. Nelson, T. C. Duncan, J. E. Darter, and others.

Write for book and see analysis of the water, and the many testimonials.

For particulars as to routes, trains, rates, etc., to any of the above points mentioned, address any Santa Fe R. R. ticket office, or

212 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

261 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

332 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

40 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Editorial Ability.

In a recent number of the New York Journalist that paper takes the ground that the shears are quite as important a times as the quill.

The following is what it says: "A good many people do not know that an editor's selections from his contemporaries are quite often the best test of his editorial ability, and that the function of the scissors is not merely to fill up vacant spaces, but to reproduce the brightest and best thoughts and the most attractive news from all sources at the editor's command. There are times when the editor opens his exchanges and finds a feast for eyes, heart and soul. The thoughts of his contemporaries glow with life. He wishes his readers to enjoy the feast, and he lovingly takes up his scissors and clips and clips, and sighs to think that his space is inadequate to contain all the treasures so prodigally spread before him. Your true editor is generous, and will sacrifice his own ambition as a writer during such festive occasions, and it is of far more profit to his readers to set before them the original dials of dainties with the label of the real author affixed, than to appropriate its best thoughts to himself and reproduce them as his own. After all, the true test of a newspaper's real

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FALL.—Quotations are not studied.
W.—The Star Spangled Banner, America, and Yankee Doodle, along with other old songs, are quite an unnecessary exertion. You take your turn.

DIANA STURGEY.—This writing lacks imagination and sympathy, but shows a careful, conscientious, and somewhat confiding disposition, not buoyant or very pushing, but even, just and kindly. Writer is a little impatient and unreasonable sometimes.

JOSIE.—A very unkept hand with a certain amount of power and originality, energy and hope, some ambition, carelessness and caprice, lack of judgment and sharpness of speech. I really can't study it any more, Josie, for I am sure it does you in justice.

SARA.—I find your letter among several which lacked the requisite coupon and were laid aside in consequence. You are idealistic, sympathetic, rather just than generous, confiding, easily accommodating yourself to new circumstances. Your decision is rather fatal, but strong and you have tact and ability markedly visible.

SEMPER PARATUS.—You are hopeful, energetic, persevering, a little self-willed, warm hearted, fond of a good time, but prudent and not apt to let your heels run away with your head. You have a healthy self-esteem and are candid and constant and a somewhat blunt and inconsiderate but on the whole likeable fellow.

FRUSTRATION.—Your *nom de plume* suits you capital. You have idealism but not in excess, are rather careful and methodical, not very original, of a temperamental, like your own way, your own opinions and your own belongings slightly better than your neighbor's sympathy and tact are small, but you are amiable and easy going and will make very few enemies. Writing lacks artistic taste and intuition.

BESSIE W.—Some refinement and decided snap and will are shown in your study. You are fond of talk and action, and like social life, and have elevated tendencies, and can accommodate yourself to circumstances, are rather hasty both in speech and sentiment. Are a person of moods, lacking self-control, and discipline. Have fine decision and wavering, but the whole make a good study.

CLORAPPA.—This is a careless and rather sharp tempered lady, by no means akin to her *regal nom de plume*. She has good energy, but it is not often expended for anyone but herself. Her judgment is good, in fact, excellent, where her own advantage is concerned, she is refined in certain matters has some discretion, and very good decision. She writes for her characteristics that she may decide which of two lovers to choose as her husband. That idea, whether real or assumed, gives a perfect clue to her character.

JIM (Buffalo).—I add your address, as your letter has lain a long time neglected, because no coupon was enclosed. Your writing shows vast energy, and impulse not always carefully directed. Your judgment is sometimes hazy, and your speech a little extravagant. But you are level headed, persistent, apt to hold on to anything you obtain, rather fond of life's good things, you have good power of imagination, are a little secretive, and would stand a good deal of guidance from wiser folks, but you are not easy to guide or advise.

FRANCO.—It would not be difficult to say something nice about your writing. It is very pleasing though it lacks finish of a certain kind. It shows facility, humor, consecutive thought, excellent judgment, a little conceit, a very socially inclined and companionable nature, very firm decision and perseverance. You will probably carry out a project with unabated effort to the end. You are not hopeful nor ambitious, rather matter of fact and practical and would never count your chickens before they were hatched. As I said before your writing is very characteristic and your methods are probably original.

PURPLE HEATHER.—1. Your enclosure was peculiarly welcome. When I opened your letter my thoughts were in that far fair land and it seemed more than ordinarily a happy coincidence. 2. Hawatha's name was "Cheemaun" (see Longfellow). 3. Writing shows adaptability, energy, self-will, carefulness, great persistence, (don't you hate to give up a plan?) I would sometimes, though, rather than let it go, I would much if I were you. You are a little inconsistent, very good-tempered, rather open-hearted, though discreet enough, and honest as the day is long. I think more determination and strength of purpose would fill out your character, but I believe you have time to get both before you, eh?

BUFF.—1. That depends upon circumstances. If they are respectable I like and not vulgar or otherwise objectionable, and you should see why you should not recognize them. However, that depends upon yourself. Some people prefer just their own little *cliques*, others have kindly sympathy and good will for all. 2. Will tell you next week. 3. Your writing shows imagination, association with the good, rather than let it go, I would much if I were you. You are a little inconsistent, very good-tempered, rather open-hearted, though discreet enough, and honest as the day is long. I think more determination and strength of purpose would fill out your character, but I believe you have time to get both before you, eh?

YELLOW ROSE.—1. It has been open for some weeks. The visitors' days are Tuesday and Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m. 2. It is a very fine production. You should not do your thinking until you are aware of the facts. There was nothing objectionable in the way you imagined. The names of the promoters of the air should have reassured you if you knew anything about Toronto's better classes. 3. No, I am very much averse to using the church for any purpose but divine service. 4. We Two, in the Golden Days, A Knight errant, are some of them. I prefer the latter to any others. Its tone is very pure and high. As you have read Donovan, you know E. M. Lyall's style. 5. I don't think I will dedicate your writing as seems in a transition stage and will no doubt change as well as your character in a few years' time.

Around the World

The Canadian Pacific Railway, having met with so much success last winter in their "Around the World" excursions, have just completed arrangements with the Peninsular and S. N. Co. and the fast steamship lines on the trans-Atlantic route to run these "Around the World" excursions at the rate of \$610. This rate will apply in either direction, and for slight additional cost variation can be made in the route to travel over India, Egypt and Continental Europe. For further particulars apply to J. R. Callaway, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine healthy plants from \$1.00 up. Palms two feet high for \$2.50. Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before purchased in Toronto. Also

Choice Roses, and all other seasonal flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street
Conservatories and Greenhouses—477 and 490 Ontario Street, Toronto.

Armstrong & Stone.
Choice Evening Silks
Laces and Nets

Bengaline Silk, only..... 50.
China Silks..... 25.
Choice Heavy Felted Silks..... 75.
Black Silks Serge de Lyon, our renowned make..... 70. to \$3.
Beautiful Nets and Laces away down in price.

212 YONGE STREET



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

MOST folks are "in it"—the social ring. We may expect not less than the average range of social parties and evening entertainments for some time to come. Evening silks come in here all right, do they not? We feel quite sure that we can please the taste of any lady looking for a silk of a fashionable shade. In giving here a few quotations let's tell you how exquisitely pretty is the line of Broche Silks in evening shades. We'd like you to see them, or if you live out of town drop a post card for samples.

Broche Forges, colored, 22 in., 25.
Broche, handsome evening shades, 65c., \$1, \$1.25.
Pongors, latest shades, 50c.
Pongors, figured designs, 45c.
Chinas, all colors, 25c.
Colored Fannies, 75c., 90c.
Colored Bengalines, 90c., \$1.25.

At the same counters are Black Silk Velvets, 85c., \$1, \$1.25 and Colored Silk Velvets, 65c., 85c., \$1.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Entrance Yonge Street.
Streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

27TH SESSION

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE

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Is a Practical Commercial and Shorthand College for Ladies and Gentlemen. Is patronized by the leading families in Canada, and is endorsed by James L. Hughes, Esq., and other well-known educationalists. For Calendar and Annual Prospects address the Manager—J. M. CROWLEY, Toronto, Canada.

Kumiss Face Cream

FOR THE COMPLEXION

SEND 10 CENTS FOR SAMPLE
1408 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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PHONOGRAPHS FOR SALE OR LEASE
THE PHONOGRAPH SOURCE is the latest novelty in London, Paris and New York drawing-rooms. We rent instruments, in charge of polite attendants, for this purpose and for church and society entertainments. LADIES should visit our PHONOGRAPH PARLOR connected with the Agency. Handsomely and comfortably furnished. Only 5c. to hear any one of 200 choicest musical and spoken records.

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE

Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (pay when delivered): viz: 6 crates for \$1; 12 crates, \$2; 30 crates, \$3. A crate holds as much as a barrel. Send a post card to HARVIE & CO., 20 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1570.

N. German Lloyd Co.

SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON AND CONTINENT
Fast express steamers bi-weekly.
MEDITERRANEAN LINE
Fast express steamers bi-monthly.
Clyde built ships. Partial equipment.
WINTER RATES NOW IN FORCE.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
73 Yonge St., Toronto

MISS PATON, whose rooms are filled with the latest designs in street and evening costumes, has received a consignment of Paris novelties and models of handsome costumes for winter wear. Ladies will find a variety to meet every occasion, and good fit and work guaranteed.
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

LADIES DON'T WEAR CORSETS BUT FOR COMFORT, BEAUTY and HYGIENE TRY



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The American Corset & Dress Reform Co.
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Standard Dress Bone

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IS THE VERDICT
OF
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If you do, the place to purchase is the
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CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Armitage remained in Clarges street with the Strangways until Christmas was over, and then she resolved to take a little *piet-a-ferre* of her own. However small it might be, she was certain that she would be happier in being independent. Arthur was sent to a public school where, like most English boys, he was soon contented enough, and Constance found a home in West Kensington at a low rental, which she felt would suit her requirements.

Rebecca saw no reason why her sister should not take up her residence permanently under her roof, but to this Constance would not agree. There were many points on which she and Rebecca differed, and it is rarely wise for very near relations to live together; as a rule, they are infinitely better friends apart.

But above and beyond all, there was one vital reason why Constance must have a home of her own. Little Eva, who was the apple of her mother's eye, had become quite a bonnie of contention since she had been beneath her aunt's roof. Mrs. Strangways was not accustomed to children. She was not particularly fond of them and expected a uniform obedience and docility that she failed to find in Eva. That young lady was not a model child; she had been more or less spoiled all her life, and having been accustomed to an open-air freedom, she did not take kindly to the restrictions now imposed upon her. Constance felt that she would be entirely ruined if this state of things were to continue.

"Eva is not a naughty child," she remarked to her sister, when that lady had been enlarging upon the little girl's mischievous proclivities. "You cannot expect an old head on such young shoulders."

"My dear Constance, when I was a child I was made to behave myself. I had to sit still, whether I liked it or not; and I do not see why the children of the present generation should be allowed to do exactly as they please."

Mrs. Armitage made no reply. She knew that Eva was very far from perfect; but after all, her children were the two things on earth that their mother loved, and their well-being would always come before every other consideration.

A good deal of their furniture, with her own personal effects, was forwarded from Greystone, and for many days Constance was busied in making her new home bright and cheerful. At the end of the week she had settled down with a comfortable feeling that there was nothing more to be done, and that everything was very snug and cosy. Lord Hardstock had kept up the establishment precisely as in its late owner's lifetime, and Pratt, who had been with Mrs. Armitage for some years, was most anxious to re-enter her service. It gave Constance a real pang to be obliged to refuse, but the wages she had once given were far beyond her present resources, and she was disinclined to offer less, although indeed the woman was so devoted to her mistress that she would gladly have taken what she could afford to give her. She therefore came to the conclusion that the matter was not to be thought of.

"But mamma, you must have somebody to do for you." Poor Pratt was really wounded. It was difficult to make her understand that Mrs. Armitage no longer required a maid, and she went away feeling both hurt and angry. Perhaps Constance had never felt her loss of wealth so keenly as now.

One morning as she came down to breakfast she found a letter, but it was from Lord Hardstock, and ran as follows:

"DEAR MRS. ARMITAGE.—Perhaps you may have heard that I am sending the horses to Tattersall's. It is extremely unlikely that I shall remain here. In the meantime your favorite mare, Judith, and your phaeton, will accompany it, and I await your instructions where they are to be sent. I could not bear to think that Judith should be driven by any hand but yours. Then, too, you must have some means of getting about. You will not, I am sure, refuse to accept what after all is actually your own property."

"Hardstock," Constance was troubled. No doubt the offer was a kindly meant and had been made with a good deal of tact. It was impossible that she could do anything but accept it in the same spirit, though she hated to place herself under any obligation to this man. It was gall and wormwood to her. Rebecca was loud in her praises when she heard of Lord Hardstock's liberality.

"Upon my word," said she, "you are a most unreasonable woman. I cannot imagine what fault you have to find with the man. He is courtly and polished and handsome and would do a great deal more for you, if you would only let him."

"That is precisely the point," said Constance coldly. "I prefer not to accept benefits at his hands."

Mrs. Strangways laid down her work and looked at her sister. "You know that he has let Greystone," she said.

"Yes, Pratt told me. It does not much signify who lives there, as I am never likely to cross its threshold again."

She sighed as she spoke, for it had been somewhat of a shock to learn that the property that should have been her boy's had actually passed into the hands of strangers.

"Do you know how long it is let for?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"This is what I mean, Constance," said Mrs. Strangways, impressively, as she felt the occasion demanded. "I mean that there can be only one interpretation to be put upon Lord Hardstock's action in this matter. He has let Greystone for one year only, leaving it optional whether he returns there or not."

"How can that possibly affect me?"

"You must indeed be blind if you cannot see that. Constance, you must surely know that it rests with you whether you ever go back to Greystone as mistress."

Mrs. Armitage was too angry to make any reply; she was furious at Rebecca having hinted at such a possibility. With an effort she regained her self-control.

"Will you kindly ring the bell, and let William get me a handbag," she said, as she rose from her chair. "I am going home."

During the three or four minutes that elapsed before the cab was at the door, the sisters sat in silence; and when Constance swept downstairs and out of the house with the coldest of good-byes on her lips, Mrs. Strangways realized that she had made a terrible mistake, and that despite her sister's weakness and gentleness she could be roused to a very good imitation of what she, Rebecca, called temper.

And as she drove home Constance pressed her white teeth on her under lip. "How dare she!" she cried. "How dare she suggest anything so horrible! What have I ever done that she should say such things to me?" Arriving home she put her latch-key in the door, walked quickly upstairs to the dressing-room, and stood face to face with Lord Hardstock. There he sat comfortably ensconced in a big chair with Eva perched on his lap looking very much at home. What was Constance to do? There was but one thing possible—to hold out her hand in greeting. But there was no warmth in her manner, and she carefully refrained from expressing anything but surprise at seeing him. She unbuttoned her gloves and sat down, wondering how long he intended to stop, and almost as if he read her thoughts he said, "I have been waiting more than an hour to see you. I am only passing through town, as I am off to Monte Carlo."

Constance breathed more freely.

"Lord Hardstock would not have tea with

me, mamma, because he said it was nearly your dinner time," said Eva.

"I am afraid so," began Constance nervously. "You are going out this evening? What a disappointment! I had hoped for a couple of hours' chat, as I shall be off too early to-morrow morning to see you again."

Constance resigned herself to the inevitable. She told Lord Hardstock that she was going nowhere, and that if he would join her simple meal she would be pleased, and then she went upstairs wearily to lay her bonnet aside and to reflect how awkwardly things had turned out.

"Well, it cannot be helped," she said aloud, as she smoothed her ruffled hair. "It is better that he should remain an hour or two now than come again to-morrow."

As I have already said, Lord Hardstock was a brilliant conversationalist—no man living could be more charming and amiable than he when he had a motive for being so, and to-night he was at his best. In spite of herself Constance was amused and entertained. By neither word nor look did he offend, scrupulously careful to steer clear of any dangerous subject, and after Eva had gone to bed instead of going away as Mrs. Armitage expected him to do, he sat down at the piano and sang several songs and sang them remarkably well.

"You did not know I could sing?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye, noting her astonishment.

"No, indeed, I did not."

"I wonder if you know very much about me in any respect, Mrs. Armitage? Ah, I have led a curious life. I have been face to face with starvation more than once, and if anyone had told me that I should wake up some fine morning and find myself rich and still be unsatisfied and discontented, I should have thought it a good joke. And yet that day has come."

"Sing me something else," said Constance quickly.

He smiled and turned again to the piano.

"Or long ago when the roses lay in the light of the glad summer day, Someone I loved gathered one snow-white blossom, And gave it to me as his ship sailed away."

"He said but one word, my darling, my darling! I love you as dearly as ever man loved yet, So ever since then the scent of the roses Awakened in my heart a strange throb of regret."

Ever since then, ever since then, Ever since then, love, ever since then."

There were tears in Constance's eyes when the last note of Hope Temple's beautiful song died away. She was vexed with herself that she should be so moved.

Lord Hardstock strolled over to the fire. "You are not looking well—a town life does not suit you."

"On the contrary I am in excellent health. I get a good deal of exercise one way and another."

"But you must miss the pure Norfolk air?"

"No, I don't think I do, and I am very fond of London."

It was ten o'clock before Lord Hardstock took his leave. Constance was surprised to find it was so late.

"I hope I have not overstayed my welcome," he said as he held the slim fingers in his own. And Constance almost blushed as she recalled her ungraciousness. She had never liked him so well before, or rather had never disliked him so little. Satan can sometimes pass as an angel of light, and Lord Hardstock was not only a well-bred man, but was quite clever enough to make the most of an opportunity. He had set his heart upon winning the love of this woman, and he was determined to move Heaven and earth to ensure his success.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Strangways might be forgiven for calling her sister inconsistent when she heard of that *tele-a-tele* dinner, as she did from Lord Hardstock's own lips. Constance doubtless had her reasons for acting thus, but it certainly looked odd.

"I confess I do not understand," said she to Mr. Strangways, "why Constance should have marched out of my house in that high and mighty fashion, simply because I hinted that Lord Hardstock was in love with her, and then have gone home and spent the evening alone with him."

But Mrs. Strangways, poor man, had long ago given up all hope of fathoming the vagaries of the gentler sex, and contented himself with mildly shaking his head. His sister-in-law was a woman, and therefore in his mind an unreasonable animal.

"She will explain her motives, I dare say," he remarked blandly, with the laudable intention of pouring oil upon the troubled waters.

But that is exactly what Constance did not do; indeed, she never referred to the subject at all, and consequently Rebecca waxed wroth, and at length could keep silent no longer.

"We are going to dine at Sir George Foster's to-morrow," she remarked, as she and her sister were driving together in the Park (Sir George was a famous judge, and since their student days had been a great friend of Mr. Strangways). "I do wish you could have gone with us, you would have enjoyed it I think."

"I very much doubt it," said Constance with a laugh. "I know what those dinners are, tiresome and tedious in the extreme."

"You would at least have met one congenial spirit," said Rebecca, somewhat harshly. "Lord Hardstock is going to be there."

Constance blushed guiltily.

"I thought—that is to say, I understood that he had gone to Monte Carlo," she stammered.

"Did you? That is curious, for as a matter of fact I believe he did intend going there, had not some business cropped up to keep him in town."

Mrs. Armitage's heart sank; she regretted her cordiality and civility now that she found that Lord Hardstock was to be at her right hand. She felt secure believing that he would be miles away, and she was now left alone to fear. Lord Hardstock was far too astute to push beyond proper limits any advantage he might have gained. He did not appear at the little *menage* in West Kensington for more than a fortnight, and when he did appear he came under Mrs. Strangways' wing.

Rebecca was one of those individuals so often to be met with who would not have been happy if the rose leaves of existence did not hold some thorns, and Constance's affairs promised a fertile ground for grumbling. The vexed point which now troubled her was the lonely life her sister was leading.

"In the first place it is not good for you, Constance," she remarked one day, "and moreover it does not look well. You ought to have a companion."

"My dear Rebecca, what in the world should I do with one? I could not endure to have any body at my heels all day long."

"Surely you feel dull sometimes," said Lord Hardstock, who with Eva on his lap sat at some little distance.

"I cannot reply, but she fixed a keen distrustful look upon him. Had he isolated her sister with these absurd notions?"

Then Rebecca took up the theme. "Of course she must be horribly dull and lonely," she said.

"I am neither one nor the other. Eva is quite companion enough for me."

Rebecca caught gratefully at the mention of her niece's name. "For her sake quite as much as your own you really ought to have someone," she said firmly. "I suppose that it has never occurred to you that when you are away from home your child is left entirely to the servants. Besides, she is old enough now to receive some instruction."

Constance began to waver. She was ready

to do anything for Eva's good, but she felt that if the child must be taught she herself was the proper person to undertake the task. Then, too, it was annoying that this discussion should have taken place in the presence of a stranger, and she could not but consider that her sister was wanting in tact to have introduced it.

"There is ample time for study in Eva's case," she said quietly. "At present I see no occasion for either governess or companion."

"I know of a charming woman, who would be a pity you should set your face against it," answered Mrs. Strangways. "You are strangely perverse at times, Constance."

"Am I? Well, you see, this is a matter in which I may perhaps be pardoned for considering myself the best judge."

"I fail to see your reasons."

"There is one reason apart from everything else that would preclude the possibility of such a thing. With my present income I could not afford it."

"That need not stand in the way, my dear Mrs. Armitage, if you will permit me to discuss the matter with you," said Lord Hardstock.

"I know of a charming woman, who would be only too delighted to give her services in exchange for a home such as this would be. She is a lady in every sense of the word, and I am sure my little friend here would love her dearly," he continued, bestowing a kiss on Eva, who, small coquette as she was, hung her head bashfully, and then flung her arms round his neck and returned the embrace with interest.

"Your friend may be a model of all the virtues," said Constance coldly, "but I do not intend to engage anybody. I could not possibly accept services for which I paid nothing; and, as I have already told you, my present expenses forbid me to add another member to my household."

"In that case there is no more to be said," answered Lord Hardstock.

"I repeat that I should very much dislike any such arrangement."

"Ah! if you could only see Miss Baillie you would change your mind," said Lord Hardstock eagerly. "I am sure you would find her perfectly charming. The idea has only occurred to me since we have been sitting here."

"If Miss Baillie were not here it would be a positive boon to her, poor girl, for her income is now so small since the death of her father (who by the way was colonel of the 100th Hussars), that it is absolutely necessary she should find a home."

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ing hands with Miss Baillie and pinching Eva's soft cheek, and when he had tucked the rug closely about her he bent his head humbly.

"May I come and make my peace this evening?" Constance colored, conscious that the eyes of the governess were fixed upon her.

"I am sorry that I shall not be at home to-night," she said. "So I will say good-bye now, Lord Hardstock."

Her fingers rested on his for a second only, and feeling considerably snubbed and crest-fallen, Lord Hardstock went back to Mrs. Strangways. That lady was becoming quite an ally of his. Truth to tell, she felt sorry for him, believing that her sister was coquetting in a way that she could never have credited, and she was ready to do anything in her power to further his love suit and Lord Hardstock was duly grateful. Constance drove home at a pace she rarely indulged in, flicking her whip over Judith's satin coat in a way wholly unfamiliar to the gray mare. She was very angry. Lord Hardstock seemed irrepresible. It seemed impossible to make him understand that his attentions were unwelcome.

"If it were for no other reason than to rid myself of him I should be glad to leave London," she said to herself, and on the morning she left by the mid-day train.

"Yes, it's very pleasant. I do precisely as I like, but it is the least bit embarrassing at times to parry questions. That pleasing little fiction about my father, for instance—the colonel of the 100th Hussars—I could laugh when I think of it." The speaker was Emily Baillie, and her companion, Lord Hardstock.

Mrs. Armitage would have been very much astonished could she have seen her governess curled up on a couch in Lord Hardstock's room in the Albany with a cigarette between her lips. But luckily for some of us sinners, the instrument has not yet been invented that enables our friends and acquaintances to see over the miles of space that the telephone bridges. And so Emily Baillie smoked on in a blissful security.

"It is too funny," said the girl, with a low musical laugh, as she lay and watched the rings of smoke above her head. "And then he thought went back to the night, some six months ago, when she had first seen Lord Hardstock. The Ambassadors in the Champs Elysees had been crowded, and Emily in virgin white, very décolleté but decidedly bewitching, had trilled forth her song, which truth compels me to admit was somewhat risky."

Lord Hardstock was charmed, and when "Mademoiselle de Fanu," as she was called in the programme, read the word or two handed to her by her dresser, she quietly put on her "lily," adjusted her veil, and wrapping a cloak round her joined her latest admirer with the utmost sangfroid.

The acquaintance thus begun ripened and expanded into a very fair imitation of what in the latter part of the nineteenth century passes current for love; anyhow it was so at least on Lord Hardstock's side. He swore that he could not live without Emily, and that he had never been so hard hit before and he managed at last to convince Mademoiselle de Fanu that he was sincere, as he dutifully was.

That young lady's vanity was tickled. Her own conquests commended itself to her. She was tantalizing and bewildering—and what surprised Lord Hardstock more than a little, within a month after their liaison had commenced she began to speak of marriage and indeed to name it as the price of her continuing in his society. Lord Hardstock, of course, regarded the idea as utterly absurd. But Mademoiselle de Fanu pressed to take an entirely different view.

"Way should you not marry me?" she asked. "I am a fairly well educated, and I should pass muster in society. You would never be ashamed of me, though I was born in a circus tent, and understand jumping through the hoops and the *haut école*. Ah, those were jolly days! How I hated Aunt Tabitha when she 'rescued' me, as she persisted in calling it, and sent me to school, where I was licked into shape and taught the manners; but I have since learned to be grateful for her, although I shall always be more or less a Bohemian. It is in the blood, I suppose."

"You will always be a beautiful woman, Emily," Lord Hardstock answered admiringly, and then he changed the conversation. The subject of matrimony was not at all to his taste. This was in the first golden days of August, and he had contrived never to lose sight of her since. She interested him, and he was never insensible to the charm of a beautiful face, and at last he promised to marry her. Of course he never had the slightest intention of keeping his word, but the promise successfully satisfied any misgivings Emily herself might have had, and she was perfectly content. And then Lord Hardstock suddenly discovered that this girl might be made very useful to him, and on the pretense of wishing her to associate with that society she would ultimately enter, he persuaded her to accept her present position in Mrs. Armitage's household.

"You like your life then?" asked Lord Hardstock after a pause. "If you were sent to prison would you like it?"

"It will not last long," said he. "You must be patient, my darling."

"All the same I don't see the use of it. It is horrible being on probation, as it were."

"You shall not stop a day longer than you wish."

"It is so dull," said Emily, with a yawn. "There are no visitors except women, and not many of them."

"It agrees with you nevertheless," Lord Hardstock's eye twinkled, and then the beautiful figure in the clinging draperies, and its rounded contours and voluptuous curves. "A lazy life suits you."

"I warn you that it won't suit me for long," she cried rebelliously. "You will have to marry me soon, Ripert, or—"

"There is no such thing as threats," he said sulkily. "When the right time comes I shall keep my word."

(To be Continued.)

May Molesworth's Manœuvres.

(Written for Saturday Night.)

"Now, Kit, you don't mean to tell me that you are still hankering after Tom Carroll?"

"I'm afraid I am, May," returns Kitty Nesbitt with a sigh.

But how was it that he didn't come up to your expectations last year at Ryde, inquires Mrs. Molesworth. "Why, we all thought you were engaged, and I was just going to send you my congratulations when in walked that husband of mine and coolly informed me that it was all a mistake, and Tom had gone to Canada and you to some unpronounceable Welsh place. Now, I should like to know what on earth was the matter?"

"Well," says her cousin dejectedly, "it was just this way: All the summer at Ryde he was yachting, and driving, and going everywhere with us, and gradually he came more and more with me, till at last it was always me, and people began to notice it—I know they did. That was the time Jessie Nicholson came to stay with us. She had met him before, up in Scotland, and I think he paid her a little attention, and she didn't like being put aside for me. I think that was how it began."

"Very likely," says May. "Jessie always was a jealous sort of girl, and just as sure as anyone else got any attention she invariably tried to cut her out. Well, go on! What did she do?"

"Oh, she didn't do anything for a little while," said Kitty. "She soon saw he wasn't going to take any notice of her, so she just left us alone, and I thought how nice she was about it and how perhaps we had said undeservedly hard things about her. I was soon undecisively hard on her. You know there were a lot of us at Ryde last summer, the Collis girls and their brother, who was home on leave from India, Mr. and Mrs. Retter and her sister, Miss Grosvenor, and the Warrens had a party on their

yacht, the Daphne. Well, it got to be so at last that Tom Carroll was never away from my side, and I didn't know quite what to do. If I submitted I had to bear people's remarks, and if I sent him off he is just the sort of man to think I didn't want him, so I was perplexed to know which was the wisest course for me to take. Finally, I let things go just how they would, for I knew he cared for me and I thought it would be all right in a few days. And so I believe it would only for Jessie. I noticed first one and then another came up and congratulated me on being engaged to Tom, and though I of course denied it strenuously, they wouldn't believe me because Jessie had told them, and, naturally, as she was my cousin she must know, they said. At last, one evening we had all been to hear the band on the pier, and Tom walked home with me as usual. When we got in I ran upstairs to put away my hat and when I came down I saw him looking like a thunder cloud in the hall, and he never spoke to me again all evening except to say good night, and after that he never once came near me, but used to go off with Jessie or one of the Collis girls."

Had Jessie said anything then to make mischief? asked Mrs. Molesworth. "Did you ever find out what it was?"

"Yes," answered Kitty. "Mrs. Warren spoke to me about it, and said she heard Jessie and Miss Gratiot congratulate Tom on his engagement to me, and when he denied it, Jessie laughed and told him not to talk nonsense, as Kitty had told them all about it. He asked if I had really said I was engaged to him, and Jessie said: 'Yes, some days ago, and I had said I would be married at Christmas, and asked her to be bridesmaid. Mrs. Warren said he looked so angry and said to the girls: I see, young lady, that you will deny the report. I have not the honor to be engaged to Miss Nesbitt, nor is it likely now that I ever shall, and then he walked off, and Mrs. Warren was so bewildered she didn't know what to think, for Jessie had told her just the same.'"

"Well," says May Molesworth, "if I just won't do my best to get even with Jessie Nicholson for your sake, I don't care if she is forty times our cousin!"

"But what can you do?" asks Kitty. "Never you mind," says May. "I don't know what I'll do yet, but I'll do something you may be sure."

"If you could get back Tom for me," says poor little Kitty, "that would be the thing. If I could once see him and explain, or you explain, I feel sure it would all be right."

"I don't know," says May slowly. "I haven't much faith in explanations unless they are in the form of a bribe, they never turn out the way you want them to. And now don't ask me any more questions, I am going to think this out."

The immediate result of Mrs. Molesworth's meditations was a short conference with Mr. Molesworth, and a small pile of letters and printed letters on the hall table waiting for post time.

"Dear me," said Kitty next morning, as she noticed these last, "what a scribe you are getting to be, May; you'll want a secretary soon. What they all to?" and she began turning them over.

"Oh, I am just making up the party for our shoot in box this autumn," said May carelessly. "Why you've asked Tom Carroll," says Kitty in an astonished voice. "I didn't know he was in England. Oh, yes, he is," said May, and she looked doubtfully at her cousin's question.

"All right," returns that young woman cheerfully; "don't be alarmed by dear. Just leave them to me; I'll manage them and you, too. And now the best thing you can do is to look over your papers and get yourself up in your most bewitching style for the occasion, and I will just come and superintend to see that your turnout shall be faultless," which they at once proceeded to do, May knowing full well that though a man affect to despise the great question of dress, still in general he pays more attention to the best gotten-up himself, and always provided she is a cheerful young person (another subject for a lecture from May, for Kitty, though the dearest little girl in the county, was apt to look somewhat woe-begone at times). However, between May's advice and attention, it was a bright and happy morning, pretty Kitty that stepped out of the train on to the little wayside station on August afternoon, and so thought three people awaiting her in a dogcart, though with very widely differing appreciations of the same.

"You train was twenty minutes late," said Jessie, wishing Kitty had got on anything but that most bewitching gray gown, which brought on her an approving glance from Tom Carroll's dark eyes. However, she consoled herself by thinking she would have Tom all to herself on the back seat of the dogcart during their nine mile drive to Inverleith, and Tom somehow didn't seem as interested as she could have wished. He appeared to be listening to the merry chatter going on between Kitty and Johnny Walsh, May Molesworth's brother, in the front seat.

"Welcome to Inverleith," cried May's cheery voice as they drew up in front of the rambling old gray stone house, set in the heart of the Scotch mountains by the side of a lovely little loch.

"Oh, May, what a delightful place," exclaimed Kitty as she ran up the steps to greet her cousin.

"Kit," said Mrs. Molesworth, in an impressive though hearty whisper, "if you will only look like that for the next month, I'll undertake to promise you your heart's desire at the end of it."

Kitty bravely tried her very best during the next week, and a very good "best" it was, thanks to her naturally happy disposition and her pretty frocks. Besides, Kitty had sat down and taken counsel with her heart. She had realized that she was as one who plays a skillful game for high stakes, the said stakes being her life's happiness, and it behooved her to be well on her guard against surprises, as any betrayal of her real feelings would certainly cause her to lose ground, so she was bright and cheery to all, and treated to Tom Carroll in a most admirable, unconsciously friendly fashion, ignoring the past as though it had never been. He was a little puzzled, and at the same time somewhat relieved, for he had not promised himself an altogether agreeable visit when he heard of Kitty's expected arrival. Jessie, too, was a little at a loss. She had not looked for it that Kitty would take things quite in this fashion, and there was no use trying to make war with such a cheerfully indifferent young person as she was proving herself. At first she tried to elicit some expression or demonstration of feeling from her by cleverly annexing Tom on various occasions, but Kitty apparently did not see it or care if she did, she only chattered away merrily to the next person that came along, and so Jessie was foiled again. Only two persons understood the real state of affairs, and anxiously watched the game the two girls were playing so silently and warily—Jessie for vanity and worldly advantage, and Kitty with desperate earnestness for love. Those two were May Molesworth and her brother Johnny Walsh. And what about Carroll himself? He was of course being the person most interested was the most in the dark. Kitty's natural modesty and her complete obliviousness of the former state of things, began to shake his faith a little in Jessie's remarks about his supposed engagement to Ryde. Not that he thought Jessie untruthful, but a doubt sometimes crossed his mind as to whether she might not have mistaken some joking rejoinder of Kitty's and misconstrued it; and then he would go over all the circumstances in his mind, and tell himself that that was impossible, and Jessie was a frank, nice girl, who appreciated him properly, and Kitty was—well he was a fool anyway, whatever anyone else might be; and then he would go for a walk with some of the party, or play tennis, or billiard, or do anything else he could think of to distract his mind.

At the end of the first week more people began to arrive, and the sportsmen speculated on the possible bags they would make, and began to pay more attention to guns than to girls, in

the day-time at all events. At last the Glorious Twelfth dawned, and Tom, like all the rest, forgot all other interests than those of sport, for the main part. Jessie was an enthusiastic sportswoman, and tramped over moor and fen, regardless of torn, muddy skirts and wet boots, along with three or four other ladies. Kitty, to her own disgust, could not share these delights, but unknowingly she scored considerably when she appeared in her pretty, blue serge with the rest of the luncheon party, looking so fresh and neat and womanly in contrast to the sporting ladies rather disheveled appearance. When they came home at night, too, dirty and tired, it was a pretty and cosy sight to see May and Kitty with their femininely-minded friend, round the dainty tea table, or on chilly evenings (for even in August there are chilly evenings sometimes in the Scotch moors) round the blazing logs on the wide old hearth.

After a few days the excess of zeal after sport became a little modified and the men began to think of something else beside shooting exploits after their day's ached home in the evenings, and little by little keen-eyed Kitty noticed that Johnny Walsh, hitherto her favorite cousin and sworn comrade, began to desert her a little for Jessie. It likewise surprised and embarrassed Jessie a little, for she found it not so easy to get on with Tom, as Johnny generally sauntered up at the wrong time, but Johnny was so pleasant and confidential, and helped her on two or three awkward occasions so nicely, and rather to Kitty's detriment, that she began to fall nicely into the outlying strands of the net so warily laid for her, by need it be said, May Molesworth, aided and abetted by that designing Johnny. And so the little drama with its unseen plot played on, till May saw that the time for action was coming, and decided to make her final coup, none too soon either, as she realized that she could never make more out of Tom Carroll than a passing flirtation, had begun to cool off a little and smile sweetly on Johnny. Kitty's spirits were flagging a little under the strain of evening indifference which grew more and more difficult each day, and the object of all their machinations himself appeared restless and uneasy, and he got into a way of looking sideways at Kitty when she was not observing him, and May noticed sometimes that he appeared to be listening more to some desultory conversation of Kitty's than to her or whatever lady was claiming his attention. No, it was evident to her that however he might talk to or flirt with others, Kitty in reality held his heart still, but he was too proud a man to ask a girl that had ventured her conquest over him to give him the assurance of it. That being so, it was necessary to undeceive him, May thought, even at the cost of Jessie's feelings. There were two or three other shooting lodges in the neighborhood, and one or two nice people were staying in the village, and a good deal of work it was possible to get up quite a nice little dance, and this she accordingly proceeded to do with her usual celerity of action. There was a fine long room with a polished floor, which they used as a drawing-room at Inverleith, and opening out of it was a little morning room, much affected by the ladies, and the house on account of a small conservatory attached to it, with an arched doorway between with glass doors. These doors were usually folded back and the entrance draped with heavy curtains, which gave a more comfortable appearance.

The evening of the dance was the dancing room in most artistic style with what materials they had, and May arranged the morning-room as a most delightful little nest for these desiring a cosy corner for "sitting out," while the conservatory, over whose doorway the entrance was draped with heavy curtains, which gave a more comfortable appearance.

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roll she is sure to be all right," said Jessie with a sarcastic little laugh.

Kitty, at this remark, felt inclined to turn and fly back to the ball-room, but to do so would be to reveal her presence to Jessie, and having Tom with her, she did not care to meet her mocking glance. Tom himself was now standing up, apparently listening, and did not look as if he meant to go.

"What makes you say that?" inquired Johnny. "Is Kit sweet on Carroll?"

"Well, she used to be, if she isn't now," answered Jessie. "At Ryde, last year, they were inseparable."

"How was it then that nothing came of it?" said Johnny, who was leading Jessie on beautifully.

"Well, I believe I am to blame for that," replied Jessie. "I thought it time to show her she couldn't have everything her own way, so I put a spoke in her wheel for her."

"Now did you!" said Johnny in an adoring tone. "You're a pretty smart girl; how did you do it?"

"Oh! it was easy enough," said Jessie. "He's one of those awfully particular fellows you know and intensely proud, so all I had to do was to congratulate him on his engagement to Kitty and intimate pretty plainly that the information had come from her, and the thing was done. Of course he wouldn't look at Kitty after that, and I had it all my own way."

"Rather rough on Kit, I should think," remarked her cousin, who was inwardly raging over Kitty's wrongs, and longing to tell Jessie what he thought of her. "and, by Jove, I will yet," he said to himself.

"Oh, well!" replied his fair companion nonchalantly, "she shouldn't have got in my way, then."

"There's the next dance beginning," said Johnny, who was dying to get away from her now that he had got all out of her he wished.

"All right," said Jessie, "my partner will be looking for me, I suppose," and they returned to the dancing-room. But there was no thought of dancing on the minds of the two in the conservatory. Tom Carroll took Kitty's unresisting hands in his and tried to read her downcast face. "Kitty, is this true?" he asked.

"Yes," was Kitty's almost inaudible reply, "quite true."

"What a fool I've been," said Tom earnestly. "Kitty, can you ever forgive me, or have you quite ceased to care for me?"

Kitty raised her sweet little face with a light shining in the soft gray eyes and no other answer was needed. In a moment she was clasped in Tom's arms and the past was forgotten.

Some little time after, May Molesworth was standing at the door of the dancing-room saying good night to some of her guests when Johnny approached.

"May," said he exultingly, "the game is won. Order your wedding garment to-morrow."

"Johnny," said May, "you're just the very best and cleverest boy that ever was invented, and just then up came Tom and Kitty."

"Won't you congratulate me, Mrs. Molesworth," said he in a tone that betrayed his happiness.

"With all my heart," said May joyfully, kissing Kitty as she spoke. "Ah, here comes Jessie, Jessie, come and hear our news," she cried, "and add your good wishes to ours."

"I don't understand," said Jessie, as she looked from radiant May to proud Tom and blushing Kitty.

"Congratulations to my long-delayed happiness come at last," said Tom, looking happy at her, and he added in a lower tone: "Next time you divulge your secrets, look behind the curtains."

Jessie murmured something polite, as well as she could, and then saying something about a lost handkerchief she had to look for, left the little group.

Tom and Kitty strolled off to say good-night in the empty hall, and May Molesworth looked after them. "Yes, my dears," she said to herself, "but when would this ever have come to pass if it hadn't been for my manœuvres!"

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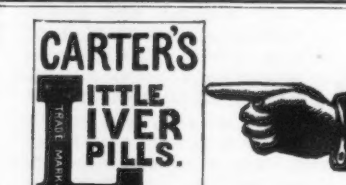
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The Drama.



VICTORIAN SARDOU.

CLEOPATRA has had a good deal of vogue during the last two or three seasons. Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport have played a version of Cleopatra's story alleged to be Sardou's; Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Brown-Potter have found Shakespeare good enough for them, and now it is announced that Marie Prescott will add Rider Haggard's Cleopatra (II) to her repertoire. It will be observed that at least three of the above named actresses are or have been at one time professional beauties. There is a popular but erroneous idea that Cleopatra herself was a professional beauty and made the business remunerative, and some of the ladies who attempt the part appear to think that a great beauty of form and feature is all that is necessary to give a satisfactory characterization. So when Mrs. Langtry played the part, it would have been but a momentary shock to the audience if she had lighted a cigarette and played poker with Antony; Mrs. Brown-Potter seemed like one of those "bold, bad" girls who flirt with us from the windows of their boarding school; Sarah Bernhardt, without the redundant personal beauty of the two last mentioned, lived the part, or a striking conception of it, and was cat-like; while Fanny Davenport—well, Fanny Davenport is the text for this week's sermon.

The play, Cleopatra, performed at the Grand this week, was written by a Monsieur Moreau and revised for Sarah Bernhardt by Sardou. To the English dramatist the subject had been closed forever by one Wm. Shakespeare, who adhered in his drama to the facts as handed down by history. But Frenchmen are nothing if not original, and Shakespeare, though they admit him to be a good enough wordmonger and a matchless delineator of character, is not a suitable dramatist, for he is not primarily a stage carpenter, nor will he prune and stultify his characters to arrive at blood-curdling situations. Therefore M. Moreau and Sardou attempted Cleopatra. They start earlier than Shakespeare. They open the play with the meeting of Cleopatra and Antony at Tarsus, firstly, because whereas the upper ten of Parisian theater-goers have a habit of dawdling in the cafes and entering the stalls about forty-five minutes late, it behooves the dramatist to let the real action of his play be condensed into the latter part of it; secondly, to introduce a beautiful piece of stage



setting, namely, the entry of Cleopatra's barge. The second act finds Antony at Cleopatra's palace, and this act ends where Shakespeare's play begins, with the recall of Antony to Rome. The third act is the best of the piece and has two scenes taken direct from Shakespeare. It embraces the arrival of the messenger with the news of Antony's marriage to Octavia, Cleopatra's rage, her interrogation of the slave as to Octavia's appearance, and ends with the arrival of a message from Antony asking for her fleet to assist him in his insurrection against his fellow triumvir, Octavius Caesar, brother of his wife Octavia. So far so good. From this out the dramatists have cut loose from history, probability and common sense, and introduced scenes which, though admirable from a scenic and melodramatic point of view, show an utter and not unprecedented lack of sincerity and dignity on the part of Sardou and Moreau. Cleopatra goes to Actium, peeks from behind a curtain at Octavia and Antony, and grinds her teeth for the audience's benefit. When she reveals herself to Antony, and his old love returns or awakes, there is a scene, suggested probably by a descriptive short story of Theophile Gautier, in which the Egyptian Queen's slave, Kephren, is about to poison himself for her sake, but the deed is not required of him. Then, in the fifth act, after Cleopatra's fleet has deserted Antony at Actium and he follows her and calls on the gods to witness that he will kill her, comes the most magnificent piece of scenic representation that has ever been seen in this city—the storm which Cleopatra calls to blast Octavius's fleet. This scene, though well worth the price of admission to

see, is, from a dramatic point of view, trumpery, and the spectacle of the Queen of Egypt making the thunder "do it some more" when the audience applauds, is amusing. In the last act, when Antony, defeated, has stabbed himself and is brought wounded before Cleopatra, one cannot but miss the simple dignity of Shakespeare's words, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." There is one more pinchbeck scene in this act when Kephren is about to kill Octavius but doesn't, and Cleopatra's death scene lacks the beauty of Shakespeare's words and is unimpressive and painful. There is good mechanism in the construction of the play and with such a majestic subject, in spite of Sardou or a horde of French dramatists, a few scenes of true and natural dramatic interest could not fail to get in. The language is bald and one cannot but feel that the authors have been too, too original.

The wonderful beauty of Cleopatra has been disputed; her most authentic likeness here presented would seem to uphold those who deny it, and Shakespeare has placed more stress on her "infinite variety" of mind. She it was who took Antony fishing and had her slaves dive down and fasten a salt mackerel on his hook, and many were the other tricks she played on the Roman. Still, the ideal view of Cleopatra that she was exceedingly beautiful is an acceptable one for the stage. Fanny Davenport, once the most beautiful woman on the American stage, still retains much of her old-time loveliness. Her Cleopatra is a blonde one and coquettish; not a Cleopatra calculated to cajole a man into anything very rash. There is a constant effort to be bad, and flirt with Antony. The Antony of Mr. Melbourne McDowall is a fine, vigorous performance. This character has been quite scanted by the playwright, and Mr. McDowall deserves all praise for his work. Physically he suits the part exactly, and his death scene was marked by quietness and dignity. To those readers who noticed his tattooed left arm, it may be of interest to know that he was once mate of a sailing vessel. Mr. Theodore Roberts, in a trying make-up, did excellent work as Kephren. Mr. W. F. Cortleigh was very good as Thyseus, and Messrs. Stokes, Travis and Tannehill were all fair in their respective parts of Demetrius, Dersatas and



THE MOST AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Olympus. Miss Ida Frohawk, who plays Octavia, has a beautiful, classic profile, and does not look unlike Mary Anderson. Miss Claire Sara, who plays the slave girl Amoses, does not have more than ten words to say, but the remarkable beauty of her form, which is as near perfection as can be, deserves chronicling. The scenery is the most beautiful that has ever been presented in Toronto, and the stage management of Mr. Frank Willard deserves exceptional commendation.

Euchred, the attraction at the Academy during the first three nights of this week, is a poor play. The plot is not new, and dramatically the piece is but little removed above the ordinary farce-comedy, with variety attachment. Miss Amy Lee, however, proved herself a light comedienne of exceptional ability, and but for her sparkle and winsomeness the show would probably have fallen flat. Her company is not a bad one, and is well balanced. This afternoon and evening Tony Farrell entertains the Academy patrons with a Hibernian play, My Colleen. TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is said that in some seasons W. J. Scanlan, who will never more return to the stage, made more money than any other star. He has been known to clear \$50,000 in a season, which was divided equally between himself and Augustus Pitou, his manager.

The Grand announces a first class attraction for next week in Augustus Pitou's Power of the Press. This high class melodrama is the joint work of Mr. Pitou and George H. Jessop, and is presented by a good company. It may be of interest to state that the play admits of such fine acting that Minnie Seligman of the Pitou Stock Company made a splendid hit in the leading lady's part last spring.

Imre Kiralfy's Venice in London was opened to the public at Olympia, London, the vast building Kensington where Barnum & Bailey gave their London performances two winters ago. The story is based upon that of the Merchant of Venice, and is illustrated by the usual scenes of that play, supplemented by two others representing the fortress of Chioggia and the island of Lido. There are 1,400 performers at once on the stage, including three or four hundred in barges and gondolas on a lake that fills the entire space between the auditorium and the stage proper. Another feature of the show is "modern Venice" in a subsidiary building where a reproduction of a part of the Venice of today, with its buildings, bridges, and canals, is presented with real gondolas and Venetian gondoliers.

Mr. Cellier's death and inability to finish the orchestration have compelled the postponement of the dress rehearsal at the Lyric of The Mountebanks. The scene of the opera is laid in the island of Sicily. The time is the early part of the present century and Mr. Gilbert indulges very freely in the humorous, satirical and paradoxical vein which distinguishes all his writings. The opera opens with a chorus of Dominican monks in the sonorous Latin language, followed by a chorus of members of the Tamorra, a secret society, who combine brigandage with a thirst for vengeance, a not unusual combination in the secret societies existing in that part of the world. The Tamorras desire vengeance because of the wrongful conviction five hundred years ago of the brother of the mother of their ancestor's next door neighbor. Much of the fun of the opera arises from the drinking, indiscriminately and otherwise, of a magic potion in the possession of a traveling showman

named Pietro, which has the effect of making every one who takes it exactly what he pretends to be. Mr. Monkhouse as Pietro's clown and Miss Jancure as his dancing girl, pretend for reasons to be waxwork figures and are accordingly transformed into automatic figures of Hamlet and Ophelia, worked on the penny-in-the-slot principle, a notion which, in Mr. Gilbert's hands, results in an infinite variety of droll absurdities.

Richard Mansfield's declaration that he is determined to use no more lithographs or other pictorial posting during his travels, was commendable. At various times in the past twenty years numbers of actors and managers have made the same resolution, and most of them have put it in force for a longer or shorter period; but not one has ever totally escaped the bill poster. Mansfield's argument is the sensible but rather broad one that persons who do not read the newspapers do not go to the theaters; and so he wants to put all his announcements into the advertising columns of the newspapers. He will find plenty of ahundred theatrical speculators opposed to him in this move. Managers of purely spectacular plays regard the lithograph and the gorgeous big poster as absolutely essential in illustrating the elaborateness of their productions; and this must be for Mansfield, who is inclined to be picturesque in all his work, a temptation to break his good resolutions. Nowadays there is a great deal of true art in the pictorial printing devised for plays, not the least part of which is the use of photographs. Lillian Russell, Langtry, the Kendalls, even Mansfield himself, owe something to the display of their faces in lithograph, photograph and the flamboyant "three sheet." As a preliminary to abolishing the lithograph altogether, it would be well to correct some of the evils attached to its use. Here is an instance directly applicable to Mansfield's case: On Monday afternoon a small boy went into the office of a Thirtieth street lithograph firm and offered for sale 430 of Mansfield's lithographs. They were just as they had come from the press, clean and unused, and they appeared to be part of a lot sent by Mansfield to advertise his recent engagement at the Harlem, Columbus. The question is, how came the small boy in possession of those lithographs? Were they stolen out of the lot left at the theater by Mansfield's agent to be distributed by the attaches? Let the stars who fail to discover profit in the use of them first make sure that they are used for their intended purposes; then, if the stealing cannot be stopped, by all means boycott the lithograph. Those four hundred and thirty lithographs of Mansfield must have cost him at least \$25.

Varsity Chat.

ROM our halls the glory seems to have departed this week, but there is joy and gladness in many a household throughout the land. After hard, hard work the boys are home enjoying all the good things kept in store for them by their friends. One man told me that he had a "string" of parties to attend and he expects to have a bundle of "photos" in his possession when he returns. He will renew acquaintance with all the girls he knew when attending the High school and many more. He will revel in the "bright dream of the past," and his spirit will leap before him as he thinks of the future. Oh! fortunate youth!

I quote the following from the paper of Mr. I. E. Martin, M.A., one of our own graduates, read before the Mathematical and Physical Society, on the Religion of Algebraic curves: "We may here state what we hope to prove, viz., that if mathematical laws be conceived in their true light they will be found to be the most favorable battle-ground for orthodoxy, and therefore the most unfavorable for scepticism; and that orthodoxy, instead of standing on the defensive in the indefensible position of appealing to the emotion, may by the aid of mathematics boldly attack scepticism with every chance of success. As a matter of feeling, the believer in God's all-pervading spirit may shrink from the thought of such a spirit being bound by mathematical laws, but the sceptic has appealed to science and to science must we take him. We shall find that even when tried by such a cold unimpassioned abstraction of science as mathematics, the theory of a personal and (speaking in all reverence) interfering God is not only possible, but in the highest degree probable and scientific. Orthodox believers, accepting the application of fixed laws to the physical world, say that a personal God, who is the originator of all law, must be above all law; and that mathematical reasoning is inadmissible in discussing the relations between the moral and the physical world, as it would limit the power of the Deity."

The Senate of McMaster University met last week in McMaster Hall. The meeting had been specially called to consider the questions of the conferring of honorary degrees and of university extension. A committee consisting of Dr. Rand, Prof. Goodspeed, Rev. Elmore Harris and Mr. D. E. Thomson, Q. C., was appointed to consider the subject of honorary degrees. Miss Minard, formerly of New Brunswick, was appointed as teacher in Moulton Ladies' College, to fill a vacancy in the preparatory department. At the afternoon session the subject of university extension was discussed.

Next week the special supplemental examinations will be held, and every man who has worked during the Christmas holidays will congratulate himself on his self-sacrifice if he succeeds to pass.

On Christmas day I met a graduate of a few years' standing, and he said "Well, how are things at the Varsity now? I suppose it is a dead and alive place. No fun, no sport, no oyster suppers, no beer parties, no enjoyment for a man of any spirit at all. If the heroes of past days went around the place they would find that they were forgotten. Such is fate. The glory of Varsity seems to have departed. I hear that a man of my day, who was captain of the Rugby football team, visited the institution a

few weeks ago and was looked upon as a freshman! My alma mater, how thou hast fallen!" To all this I listened calmly, but "for reasons best known to myself," I made no reply." JUNIOR.

Books and Magazines.

The January number of Lippincott's Magazine contains several new features; stories and sketches illustrating journalistic life; the first of a series of articles on athletics, and some interesting discussions, stories and poems by celebrated writers. The piece de resistance is the complete novel by City Editor Young E. Allison, formerly of the Courier-Journal, Col. A. K. McClure, Albert Payson Terhune, Julian Hawthorne and Amella E. Barr are contributors. J. F. R., writes entertainingly of Agnes Huntington. Life, the first of a series of articles on athletics, and some interesting discussions, stories and poems, are by celebrated writers.

The number of the Atlantic Monthly for January is an exceedingly strong one. It opens with Mr. Crawford's serial, Don Orsino, and besides the outlines of an interesting story, the incidental picture of the new Rome as contrasted with the Rome of the Pope's temporal power is of really great value. Another feature of the number is Henry James's delightful article of reminiscence and criticism on James Russell Lowell. The paper on Boston by Emerson is a curious treasure-trove, full of Emersonian phrases which will live long in the memory, and a most interesting characterization of the traits of the town and its inhabitants. Miss Edith M. Thomas has a paper which she wishes considered as "a fond and scientific observation of our winged friends," interspersed with charming poetry. Speaking of poetry, Thomas William Parsons has a strong poem called Down by the Shore in December. Poetry being akin to art reminds one of Walter Crane's most interesting paper, Why Socialism Appeals to Artists, which is a defence of the aesthetic opinions of William Morris and others of the modern aesthetic school in England. A glimpse of the life of an English thinker is offered by the publication of a collection of letters from John Stuart Mill, called out by his connection with the Westminster Review. The paper gives interesting views of men and things. A short story of seashore life by Herbert D. Ward, an able paper on The Political Situation, and Annie Payson Call's article on The Greatest Need of College Girls, with some good reviews, close a number which augurs a brilliant year for this standard magazine.

One of the most notable articles in the January number of Scribner's Magazine is on the theaters of Paris with portraits of the actors and actresses of the Comedie Francaise. The author, William F. Anthon, says of this famous theater, "No matter how wonderful this or that actor or actress may be, neither is as wonderful as the ensemble with which the plays are given." He says that "the rehearsals come near enough to good performances to make you forget most of them, and that it is only a rehearsal, 'The Odeon,' he says, 'is noteworthy for trying new plays and taking old ones from a new artistic point of view. The company at this house is largely made up of young material and many graduate from there to the Francaise.' This number of Scribner's also contains a criticism of the Wagnerian festival in Bayreuth last summer. Among the other special features of the January number is an able article on American illustration of today, with a reproduction of some fine engravings from the editions of *Lucie* of famous poets. There are two articles on travel, one a visit to Bokhara, the other on a journey through Egypt. The latter is the most noteworthy. The authors, E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, have done some fine descriptive writing. Here is a paragraph worth quoting: "We rode upward out of the giant shadow of the crags into the radiant valley; the sun was sinking, and the great artist was gliding his handiwork into even greater splendor, and the herdsman going home to their evening meal moved like Byzantine saints against a golden background. The blue smoke curled upward from the mud villages like the sacred symbol on some temple architrave, a culture rose heavily into the still air, in the east the three peaks of the Arabian chain flushed orange and crimson and purple, fire opals set in the ring of a horizon of light. The people of the bible were all around us, glorified by the evening sky; Jacob tall and dark, his deep eyes burning under the linen headcloth, drove home his flocks and herds; Rebecca passed us with Isaac's jewels of gold and silver glittering on her brown arms; Esau yoked the tired oxen of the water-wheels; Leah, white-headed and solemn, rode by; Ruth smiled at us from where she stood waist deep in the wheat, and just at hand, riding on an ass, a young child in her arms, yonder low-browed girl seemed the divine mother, for the whole plain and sky were a halo about her."

The *Cosmopolitan* for January is a number of unusual excellence. The opening paper is one of exceptional interest, dealing as it does with the Portraits of Columbus. An article on Aluminum, the Metal of the Future, is of especial interest to those engaged in mercantile pursuits; and W. J. Lampton has a striking sketch on modern society, entitled: What Say Ye, Women, to This? The other articles are well illustrated and of strong contemporary interest. The editorial departments command the same attention as ever.

A Modified Opinion.

First Citizen (Golden Gulch)—Wall, we caught up with the fellow wot stole your new overcoat, an' lynched him.
Second Citizen—Ha, ha; that's somethin' like. Teach these coyotes they've gotter obey the laws o' the land. Hung him, eh?
"No, we shot him full o' holes."
"Gee whittaker! He didn't have my overcoat on, did he?"
"Jerusalem, partner, come to think, I'm 'traid he did."
"Ye oughter be arrested, every one of ye. This ere lynch law is a disgrace ter civilization."

Not Hard to Fit.
New Girl—Please, mum, while you're down town, would ye be so kind as to order me a pair o' shoes?
Mrs. De Style—I er—do not know your size.
New Girl—Nor I, mum; but I think if ye get them about the size of yours they'll do.
Mrs. De Style (hesitatingly)—Do you think you could wear them?
New Girl—Oh, yes, mum. After new shoes is wet they shrink.

Novel to Some.

Miss Antiqua—No, I'm not going to Mrs. Whitehair's reception.
Miss Budd—Why not?
"Oh, she always talks about old times, and that makes me tired. I don't see how you can stand her."
"But, my dear, her subject is new to most of us, you know."

It Didn't Work.

Materfamilias—(11 p.m.)—What's the matter? You look distressed.
Paterfamilias—I thought it about time to give that young fellow in the parlor a vigorous hint that it was nearing midnight, so I walked right into the room, and giving both him and our daughter a severe look, I deliberately turned out the gas.
"Mercy! Didn't he get angry?"
"No," he said "Thank you."

Life is so Hard.

For Saturday Night.

Life is so hard, I fain would live
Apart from all its rugged ways,
My tuneful melodies would give
Sweet praise to passing days,
But would all comforts, once possessed,
Forever still my soul's unrest?

Life is so hard, I sometimes dream
That some kind hand has set me free,
Then through the deepening gloom, Hope's gleam,
Like sunshine, comes to me;
That one choice gift of Hope—the best—
Has failed to still my soul's unrest.

Life is so hard, We toil and sweat
That some unworthy one may reap
The harvest, while we only get
The toll and tears we weep;
If all were done, would death's breath
Forever still my soul's unrest?

Life is so hard, If never more
The goal of poverty should be
Deep in my heart, whose crimson gore
Trails down life's troubled sea,
Would no grim car, no ghostly guest
Perpetuate my soul's unrest?

Life is so hard, If worlds were mine
Would nature seem more bright and fair?
Would loving hearts more close entwined
My heart for glidings rare?
Would you, sweet love stand more confessed,
Or still for aye my soul's unrest? A. A. S.

Mistakes.

For Saturday Night.

Life's road is dreary and our eyes are blind,
We shudder when we see mistakes behind
Us, looming in the path our feet have trod.
Our own mistakes! Be pitiful, dear God!
We did not know—our eyes were blind, so blind!
Our thoughtless actions and our words unkind
That they would stab some hearts we held so dear
And leave us nothing for atonement here.

We cannot call them back—cannot undo
The sore mistakes we wrought. When life is through
Perhaps it may be, in some other clime
Where darkness fadeth 'neath the light sublime,
Where mists have vanished and where day is bright,
Where hearts ne'er falter and eyes have no night,
They may perchance, those dead mistakes we make,
Be all atoned for when the day shall break.

MARION LIEBL.

A Canada.

For Saturday Night.

A Canada they cried and Time's golden bell,
Rang a peal of derision the echo to quell,
For the country's pulse throbbeth as the stigma was heard;
To the Spaniards the sound seemed the song of a bird.

And Saturn low whispered sweet, dreamful land wait,
Clasp close thy hid treasure, this is not thy fate,
Disturb not thy slumbers for know this new name
Shall gleam on thy forehead a bright star of fame.

For when thy *Keewatin* thy slack sail was fresh,
Wide shall thy arms open to bless and be blest,
As the slow growing iceberg gathereth weight
Thy honor increaseth by coming so late.

With the high climber rose o'er the home of the brave,
The maple with thistle and shamrock must wave,
And with every new twist in the century's coil,
'Twill cherish and cling to that sap giving soil.

And as the long years over love's drawbridge march,
'Twill prop noble Britain thy fair pleasures arch,
Or fall-like flash for thee, or *Belmont's* wand,
To shield from all evil its dear motherland.

Norm.—When the Spaniards saw from their ships the
bleak shores of Canada they said—A Canada, nothing there.

A Santa Fe Incident.

It was silent in the chair car, and the clanking of the rails
Made a frame to hang a poem on of jingling joys or wails;
The cattleman from Burlington was drumming on the
pane;
The State House clerk was whistling on a card some low
refrain;
The high-browed girl from Lawrence was engaged in her
Bazar;

Der krosny man von Veechita was chewing a seegar,
When the train stopped at Eudora with a fluke-slike chug,
And carred a soft-eyed siren on the Santa Fe pug.

Her carriage, face, and figure were perfection, and her
smile
Was a shimmered, tangled day dream as she drifted down
the aisle.

The cattleman's eyes watered and the State House clerk
was dazed;
Der krosny man von Veechita in dizzy rapture gazed;
The frisking girl from Lawrence put her glasses on and saw
A particularly interesting view across the Kaw,

While the siren sat there coyly as a kitten on a rug—
The siren from Eudora on the Santa Fe pug.

And as the train neared Argentine, the cattleman grew
rash,
He cleared his throat and nervously pulled at his roan
mustache.

Der Veechita man lost his nerve, the State House clerk
grew gray,
And as he saw the cattleman, he made a bold snafu.

And when at last the train had stopped, she answered loud
and clear:
"Ay haf a job av verk oop at des Coates House; call oop
dere.

Ay tank Ay lak to sey you more bacourse Ay lak your
mug,"
Said the siren from Eudora on the Santa Fe pug.

—Kansas City Journal.

"Imp Effie."

"Imp Effie;" language can't express
The life that sparkles in her eyes,
And what if I must needs confess
That Effie is not very wise?

Her nonsense talked with blitheous air
Sweeter to me than wisdom seems,
I love to see her toss her hair,
I love to hear her in her dreams.

Near her philosophies seem fools,
Their logic and inductions chaff;
Form, maxims, a xmas, reasons, rules,
Erepart in Effie's laugh.

How coldly rigid and aloof
The finger posts of science shine,
When Effie's eyes were turned to you
Are playing at "hot hands" with mine!

She's very ignorant, the pet,
Of creed or dogma old or new;
She's very credulous, as I say,
Her articles of faith are few.

To reverse and in an earnest clasp,
Though prompt to succor the forlorn,
She's duly fearful of the evil,
But sees no harm in being born.

Not clear about the "second birth,"
She trusts her sins will be forgiven;
And that when called to quit the earth,
She'll go up, naturally, to heaven.

Meanwhile, too fond, I fear, the rogue is
Of this world's vanities and pomps;
Thinks serious people "as fat fogies,"
Nay, 'neath their solemn noses romps.

Leaps, tumbles, screams, to make them quiver;
Shames stupid to excite the spleen;
Then how she litters! Lord forgive her,
The little imp is scarce thirteen.

And even when I scold her here,
I sometimes can't repress a sigh
To think that Effie will grow wiser,
That Effie will grow old, and die!

Between You and Me.



HY do you talk to me like that? I'm not a thief! It was a sad sight, the young clerk standing before his employer, with drawn, frightened face and staring defiant eyes, and the employer, a man past three score and ten, upright and stern and unforgiving, with his finger on the page where the balance was not true, and in the other hand a slip of paper with a few words, anonymous, bitter, fatal, which had pointed out the young clerk's error. "What does this mean then, may I ask?" "But I am to straighten that up at the end of the month. I only borrowed it! Lots of fellows do the same and they never intend to steal." "I have nothing to do with what you intend. That may or may not be so, but I don't allow you to handle my cash in that way. If I did what I should, I would place this matter in the hands of the police. Then, young man, you would discover what is honesty and what is theft. Your month's salary will about meet this shortage. You can go. Take my advice and be more careful in another situation."

This little story, which is the actual happening of some three months ago and which much impressed me at the time, I have related to form a text for a little tirade against borrowers. In many a case the borrower becomes the thief, all the while protesting that he or she never, never, oh, no, but, and the transition is accomplished. Not always of money do we steal from our neighbor. I wonder how big a pile one could make of all the books borrowed, abused, gradually stolen, in this city? I don't descend to umbrellas—they are acknowledged to be a strong weapon of the Evil One, with which he incites the best church members to crack the eighth commandment. But if every one of my readers would just look back over their lives and about among their possessions believe there are not one half-dozen who would not find some object which belonged to someone else, which should have been returned, but which they have insensitively and carelessly appropriated. They may not use it nor want it, but they keep it, though they would be furious should the owner call them by the shocking name which belongs to them. On Christmas Eve I made a wretched, drenched creature a present of a silk umbrella which has sood on my hat-rack for a year past, and when she thanked me warmly for my gift I was constrained to inform her that it was not mine to give, for that someone had left it there and taken one of mine (in better condition), but had never been honest enough to re-exchange them. The drenched peddler looked at me doubtfully, but the weather was unfavorable to a fine sense of justice and she tramped off with her prize.

We used to write a doggerel rhyme in our school books about what would happen to the luckless wight who, on the last day, was not able to lay his hand on the "book he stole away," and I am quite sure it had as wholesome an influence on others as it had on me. I have a grudge yet against a favorite to whom I lent a favorite copy of a woman poet which never came back to me; and a wholesome respect for a Scotchman who, after all his effects were burnt up in a house fire, sent me a brand new copy of Scott's poetical works to replace one of mine which had unfortunately been borrowed by him. It lies before me, with its quaint explanatory inscription written on the fly-leaf in that Scotchman's irreproachable writing, and if ever he needs a good witness to his immaculate honesty and sense of right, that volume will be the one most likely to influence a jury who have borrowed and lent, but never attained to such an altitude of honesty as his. Funny things have been demanded of me by borrowing acquaintances. A young lady asked me once to lend her my wedding gown to go to a dance in the Pavilion, and a merry neighbor ran in one evening to borrow Mr. Gray to make up a game of whist. I have lent my front hair and my back yard to a *tableau vivant* and a washerwoman respectively—my maid, and an idea for a poem, to a housekeeper and a poet who were minus the several articles. Everything came back safe but the idea, and I didn't resent the ill-usage it went through, for I expected it!

Two ward politicians were railing against the civic administration last night on account of their rather reckless expenditure of electric lights and pavements in remote and desert regions somewhere in the suburbs of Toronto. I have often been reminded of our city fathers' previousness, when I have seen a small boy and his mother selecting the former's winter outfit. How the good woman buys baggy, roomy, overlong, panties, and coats whose sleeves come down to the small boy's knuckles, and I have sometimes known her to be so far ahead in her measurements that before the abject little guy could grow enough to ensure a fit, those clothes were quite worn out, and all his troubled hours and her extra price were spent to less than no purpose. It might possibly be so with the improvements which are at present, according to a daily paper, disturbing the repose of the bovies who are their sole beneficiaries.

At the Sick Children's Hospital on Saturday last there was a genuine sensation when Santa Claus, with a real horse and a real sleigh, piled high with presents, drove from ward to ward and alternately amazed and delighted the wee 'uns. Such a knowing horse and such a jolly old Santa Claus, both the outcome of the realistic tendency of this *fin de siècle* time, when real railroads and engines and tanks of water are our dramatic draw cards, and make believes and dummies are out of date. The dear little excited children, some of whom were anything but invalids in appearance—the pretty nurses, the fashionable dames who put in many an hour of thought and work for this their pet charity, the ever-ready friend of the sick little ones, and his smiling better half—the doctors, for once forgetting their professional dignity, to laugh heartily at the many funny antics and speeches of the youngsters—and then, when Santa Claus had driven out and

baby faces, flushed and weary, were laid back upon the snowy pillows and the gas was turned low and the dim-lit ward sank softly into quietude and slumber, to see the various heaps of toys on the tiny bed tables, some piled carefully by the neat wee man or woman, some tossed in a confused pile by the careless or tired creature who slept peacefully below. There were loads of dolls and games, soldiers and paint boxes—all the toys dear to little hearts, and every child slept the sleep of satisfaction with the Christmas cheer of 1891.

Santa Claus let me into one cute little custom of the Sick Children's Hospital when he said heartily: "I am so glad there isn't a red ribbon on any little bed, for I should not be able to give anything to a naughty child." Away off in the rough and ready West they tie up red ribbons here and there about the town when some notorious evil liver is to be disciplined, as a hint to him to get out of the way before it is too late. And here, in the sacred precincts of this beautiful charity, I gathered from the above remark that the red ribbon is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual crookedness. Poor red ribbon, red in the far West with menacing violence and maybe death, red in the baby's ward with the rising flush of temper or the fire of rebellion. From the great to the little wrong the red ribbon flames its warning, from the crimson cheek, from the threatening tongue, from the leaping heart. Ah, friends, beware of that red ribbon!

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

The first woman chemist in Paris is to be Mlle. Leclerc, of the Paris School of Pharmacy. She is of French nationality, and has taken a first-class degree.

Lord Roseberry, in his *Life of Pitt* just issued, says that Pitt's last words were not "Roll up the map of Europe," nor "My country," etc., as commonly reported, but "I wish I could have one of Bellamy's meat pies."

An honorary testimonial has been awarded to Miss Blanche Hays of London by the Royal Humane Society, in recognition of her bravery last summer in rescuing from drowning her friend, Miss Saunders, with whom she was bathing in the sea near Torquay.

The new English Minister to France, Lord Dufferin, has climbed up from one of the lower rungs of the diplomatic ladder. He entered the Queen's employ forty years ago as a minor lord-in-waiting, and has advanced steadily upwards until now he has gained the most desirable place in the British foreign service.

The successful competitor among the nine artists who presented designs for the sculpture work on the Woman's Department Building of the World's Fair, was Miss Alice Rideout of San Francisco. She has studied both in her own city and in the East, and is regarded as an artist of promise. The three groups she has designed are: Woman's Virtues, Woman as the Spirit of Civilization, and Woman's Place in History.

Nothing very noticeable was left for the Princess of Wales on the anniversary of her birthday; but England's Alexandra has but three years more to wait, and then her jubilee may bring some offerings worth accepting. The fair Mother of our Kings to be is certainly a world's wonder as to look, considering her age. The Queens of Italy and the Hellenes, the Dowager Queen of Portugal are younger women, but there is now no youthfulness about them.

The picturesque exuberance of style that marks La Cadie Hearn's literary work may be partly the accident of birth, for the author was born on one of the Ionian Isles, where "Sappho loved and sung." His name, indeed, is supposed to recall the Leucadian cliff from which the poetess is said to have jumped to death. Mr. Hearn, like Stockton, is a little man physically, short and dark, but thick enough through the chest to indicate good lung power. He is said to be an expert swimmer.

The late Prince Lucien Bonaparte bore a more striking resemblance to the great Napoleon than any other of the emperor's relatives, but he was much taller. He was a favorite of Queen Victoria, with whom he dined regularly twice a year during his long residence in England, and he usually sent her Majesty the first copy of all his erudite treatises, and in return received a handsomely bound copy of the Queen's *Life in the Highlands*, ornamented with the autograph inscription "from his friend, the authoress."

Sir Edwin Arnold says that the average editorial "leader" of an English newspaper is the product of three hours of diligent work by an accomplished man—such as Andrew Lang, for instance. He himself once wrote one of two thousand words with a lead pencil in an hour—a rate of speed which seems prodigious, and which a crack American reporter writing against time could hardly excel; but a man who has written eight thousand leaders, as the author of the *Light of Asia* has done, must necessarily have become expert at it.

Through trouble, Marie Antoinette at thirty-eight, and Mary Stuart at forty-five, were long past their best, and Mary Tudor of sanguinary memory, dying at forty-two, was quite a broken-down object. Both with present and past celebrities of regal rank, any sentimental interest felt in them ceases somewhere about the forties. Our Princess—who, though not a Queen, has often filled a Queen's place—remains a personality to whom complimentary sonnets can be addressed; and her special taste in dress still influences the gowns and bonnets of women young enough to be her daughters.

The recent sudden death of F. Wolcott Balestier is a cause for deep regret to those who were familiar with his clever books, *A Fair Device* and *A Victorious Defeat*. He was a young man—not quite thirty—and was a warm friend of Rudyard Kipling. On his mother's side Mr. Balestier was clear American, but his paternal ancestors were natives of Martinique. With his mother and sisters he had leased in London the house of that Mrs. Brookfield to whom so many of Thackeray's letters were addressed, and had also taken a charming house in the Isle of Wight. The engagement is announced of Kipling to Miss Balestier, a sister of the dead author.

A Study in Black.



HE moonlight spreads softly over the quiet fields, casting its mellow shade on Uncle Zachary's modest cabin. Not a breath of air is blowing. The thickly growing hollyhocks and sunflowers stand erect with not a rustle of a leaf, and everywhere is calmness and repose. On the doorstep, almost hidden by the tall flowers, two people sit—Uncle Zachary and his niece Deb. They are silent, like everything about, the only sound breaking the solitude being the occasional "pee-wee" of a restless bird. In the distance they can see the city's lights reflected in the sky, a reflection that makes the old man think of the struggle and the turmoil there, and in fancy he can hear the tramping of the restless thousands in that restless city. The girl, too, looks towards the lights' reflection, one elbow resting on her knee, her head leaning upon the upstretched hand, her body slowly swaying from side to side.

"Chile," it is Uncle Zachary speaking, softly, as if loath to break the peaceful stillness. "Chile, yo' ain't yoset ter-night. Sufin' an er-troublin' yo', an' can't yo' twel yer ole Unc' Zach' what it am? Ain't he been er-father ter yo' eber s'nce yo' wunno hyur'n he knee? Ain't he been good ter yo', chile, an' can't yo' confide wi' he?"

"Yaas, yaas, Unc' Zachy," the girl replies with a trembling voice, "yo' am good ter me. Tain't dat, Unc' Zachy, dat er-worrin' me, an' I can't twel wha' it am 'case I dunno missef. O, Unc' Zachy, I's onhappy. Lack dis black face er mine, de hull airf am dark ter me, an' I wish I wair gwine ter die; I do, I do," and with a great sob her head falls upon the old man's breast.

"Heah, heah, chile, dis wain't do. I's-riprised er yo'. Dis airf da'k't Dis boful airf dat de Lawd gib we? Fie, chile, fie! Jes yo' sot an' twel yer ole Unc' Zachy wha' am er-troublin' yo' and he see ef he can't 'concele yo'. Wha' dat yo' say? 'Case er yer cullah yo' am look' down 'pon by de whi' folk? 'Case er yer cullah yo' can neber 'mount ter nuffin? I 'spect, chile, yo' know, seein' I tort yo' eber s'nce yo' be er leetle thin? I 'spect, I say, dat yo' am familih wid er fac' dot 'n Heben whi' folk an' black folk am all de same. I 'spect dat yo' hes not 'lowed de 'nfo'ma'sun I onet twol yo' dat dis wuld's s'lety stan'in' 'his nuffin' ter do wi' de nex' wuld's 'fairs, ter slip'er memmy, hes yo', chile? Deb, honey, de Lawd am gwine ter wash er niggah's white's de wintah snow ef he am good 'nuf. We am gwine tir 'njoy heben jes's well's de whi' folks, chile, 'case we hairts am white, jes's white."

"De whi' folk dey am onkin' Unc' Zach, an' I's onhappy, onhappy," the girl sobs, her face still buried in the old man's breast.

"Deb, chile, time's w'en yer Unc' Zachy uster think it mighty hawd wuk ter hoe de road er life, hawd wuk ter go fro de airf wid er black face, de butt en ig'unt whi' folk jokes—er low-bawn niggah. Dem days hes pass' 'way, chile, hes pass' 'way lack de ole slabe days long 'go. Trouble ter yo', deary, am lack er mighty t'mpes, but ter me it am only lack er Norf win' 'case I's uster it, chile. I can look 'pon life now's er visit ter de airf's 'ill soon be ober fur we all, an' den we air gwine ter be's white's de nex'."

"Wh'foah, Unc' Zachy, wair I bawn lack I 's? Wh'foah can't Gord make we all er same, an' den dar 'ud be no suffin', er black folk fur whi' folk ter larf et. Wh'foah—"

"Hush, chile, hush. Yo' nus-un tork er Gord dat way. It am sac'id'us. He know bes', chile. He know whi'fo we am black, an' w'en de whi' folk larf et chi neber min' 'case Gord, He see dem, an' He know dey hes er black hairf er dar skin am white."

"I's onhappy, ye still sobs, 'an' de wuld am onkin'. Wh'foah am I black, wh'foah, wh'foah."

Rising from his seat the old man walks to and fro, his head bent, his step slow and feeble. A faint breeze sweeps over the cabin. The hollyhocks and sunflowers slightly bend before it, the birds perched in the trees flutter about it, touch of it, and the girl raising her head, gazes at the star-studded sky. Uncle Zachary walks towards her and gently rests his hand upon her shoulder.

"Wh'foah am dar good an' bad? Wh'foah am dar rich an' po'? Wh'foah am dar weak an' stron'? Wh'foah am dar summah an' wintah? Wh'foah am dar watah an' lan'? Wh'foah am dar eber'thin', chile? Cain' 'nbody twel yo'. No, 'case it am de seekrit er Gord, ter be twol de day dat Ange' Gabe do come. Honey, I's er ole man an' ain't got long ter lib, an' arter I's done gone lef dis wuld yer las' frien' 'n airf hes lef yo' fo' ebermo', but, chile, yo' mus' trus' 'n de Lawd, fur w'out He help dar ain't 'nbody gwine ter get safe long de road. Dat am er fac', chile, de Scriptur' twel we. Long 'go, twenty yeam come nex' wintah, dat am er heap er yeam's lamby, 'way down ter de ole home wh' de cotton blossom grow, sum-un gone daid an' lef yo' ter me. 'Foah dey braf dar las' dey say ter me—'Zachy, my kin'es brudder—'yaas dey wair de ver' wuds—'Zachy, my kin'es brudder, I's gwine ter leave yo' now fo' ebermo'. W'en I's done gone, Zachy, I want yo' ter tak' kyar er leetle Deb, fur w'out yo' she ain't got er frien' 'n de hull airf. Bring she up, Zachy, 'n de sperrit er Gord dat she cain join de ange's 'n heben w'en de trump do soun'. An' Zachy ober yandah, ober by de windah, un'neaf de floah, am er ole sock. Get it, Zachy, an' yo' tak' it fur leetle Deb an' yoset. Dar am on'y er few dollahs, but tak it fur Deb. Den, chile, holin' ter dis right han' er mine, dis han' wha' try ter guide she dorter 'n de right way, yer mammy braf de las', an' wid er mighty lam in he thote yer Unc' Zachy swar ter kyar fur yo', come better come wuser. Dat am long 'go chile, an' dem days I wair smatter den I's now an' de wuld wair brighter. I's come fro it, I's 'most rived et de junney on', an' an' it mighty near, 'breaks de ole man's hairt ter see he honey cry an' eob lack she do."

All is silence again. They sit as before, looking away towards the city, the old man's mind



Frost.

The pane is etched with wondrous tracery;
Curve interlaced with curve and line with line,
Like subtle measures of sweet harmony
Transformed to shapes of beauty crystalline.
Slim, graceful vines and tendrils of such sort
As never grew save in some fairy world,
Wind up from roots of mistle silver wrought
Through tulip flowers and lilies half unfurled.
Shag firs and hemlocks blend with plumy palms,
Spiked cacti spring from feathery ferns and weeds,
And sea-blooms such as rock in Southern calms
Mingle their foamy fronds with sedge and reeds.
And there are flights of birds with iris wings
That shed in mid-air many a brilliant plume,

And scintillating shoals of swimming things
That seem to float in clear green ocean gloom.

And there are diamond-crowned diadems,
And orbs of pearl and sceptres of pale gold,
Stored up in crystal grottoes, lit with gems
And paved with emeralds of price untold.

And marvellous architecture of no name,
Facades and shafts of loveliest form and hue,
Keen pinnacles and turrets tipped with flame,
And fretted domes of purest sapphire blue.

All these the genii of the Frost last night
Wrought in the still cold hours by charm and rune;
And now, like dreams dispelled before the light,
They float away in vapor on the noon.

CHAS. LOTIN HILDRETH.

wandering to scenes of long ago, the girl endeavoring to overcome the strife within her. Suddenly arising she throws her arms around his neck, kisses him many times and passes into the house.

"Fee-wee, pee-wee."
A restless bird flies over the cabin, and perhaps its shrill chirp arouses Uncle Zachary from his reverie, for, starting up, he walks slowly away. As he does so a figure glides out of the cabin door. On a few rods it rapidly goes, until, coming to an old well, it pauses beside it. Throwing aside the loose boards which cover it, the figure stands motionless looking down its darkened depths.

"Pee-wee, pee-wee."
The bird hovers and flutters overhead, but the figure heeds not its unusual cry.

"I's onhappy Gord an' Unc' Zachy gone twol me ef I come ter yo' I cain flin' res'. Gord, I hes done tried hawd ter be er good gyard an' dis life am onkin' an' I's gwine ter heben wh' mammy am."

"Pee-wee, pee-wee. Pee-wee, pee-wee."

"Chile," Uncle Zachary, breathless and trembling, stands before the girl. "Chile, wha' you doin' heah? Down, down 'n yer knees 'foah Gord an' pray ter de Lawd in heben. O Gord, who see eber'thin' jes's easy 's possibl'. Say it arter me, chile. O Gord, who see eber'thin' jes's easy 's possibl'."

"Massy 'n me."

"Massy 'n me."

"Nwuthy ter be call' yer chile."

"Nwuthy ter be call' yer chile."

"Gib dis po' niggah strenf ter obercome de pride 'sperit wi' 'n her."

"Gib dis po' niggah strenf ter obercome de pride 'sperit wi' 'n her."

"Fo'gib wha' I wair gwine ter do."

"Fo'gib wha' I wair gwine ter do."

"An' make me good fo' ebermo'. Amen."

"An' make me good fo' ebermo'. Amen. An'

Gord bless Unc' Zachy, 'case he am good ter he'p po' niggah kyar. O Unc' Zachy, Unc' Zachy, de airf am gwine ter be brighter."

The old man gently raises her and kisses away the hot tears that roll down her cheeks. Then together they slowly walk back to the cabin and the moon casts its soft light over everything, and everywhere is calmness and repose.

LEPRACAUN.

Sunshiny Husbands.

We read so much about the obligation laid upon the wife to be a perpetual sunbeam in the house, that a word to husbands on this topic may not be amiss. Husbands ought always to wear a smiling and happy countenance. Should the care of providing the raw material to make a home weigh you down, never mind, always go home with a smile. Husbands have often lost the affection of their wives by looking careworn. Be careful about your personal appearance; much depends upon that. Be sure that your hair is smoothly arranged and your collar spotless before presenting yourself at the breakfast table. It is by attention to such little things that you may be able to retain the affection of your wife. Don't complain if you are sick. A complaining husband often drives a woman to seek more congenial society. If you have a toothache—smile. The wife may find it necessary to absent herself from home every evening and decorate herself with ribbons of various hues if you complain. Keep up with the times. Your wife, having the care of the education of the children, naturally reads more than you. Don't let her. After you have worked twelve or fourteen hours a day, devote the remainder to keeping your mind in good trim, so that your wife may not find a more congenial spirit elsewhere. Pay strict attention to these rules and your marriage will not be a failure.

New Mexico for Consumptives.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT TO THE AMERICAN HEALTH RESORT ASSOCIATION.

"I think New Mexico surpasses any locality for consumptives I have yet visited, and I have been all over California, Colorado and the South, Sandwich Islands and Europe."

J. F. DANTER, M. D.

M. C. P. and S., Ont.

Profit from Misfortune.



Foreman—Th' cat got in th' press, sir.
Managing Editor (to advertiser gazing at)—Mr. Cook, just run 'round to the fur store on the corner and see if you can't catch them for a full page displayed ad. at reduced rates.

Her Last Appearance.

Stage love? You do not believe in stage love? Then you have not heard my story. You may remember a period when I was very young, when strained relations existed between the college faculty and myself, and when I disappeared for a time from the world that knew me. It was then that I was graduated from the amateur to the professional stage.

Beddoe, whom you met here last week, dear old Horace Beddoe, kindly allowed himself to be persuaded that I intended to devote my life to dramatic art, and enrolled me in his company. I well remember the pomp with which he introduced me to the other members of the company.

"Miss Lane, Miss Lovell, Miss Fitz-Clarance," he said proudly, "and Miss Fane." I turned to behold Miss Fane. When I saw her, Horace Beddoe and all the rest seemed to disappear; a glory of golden hair lit up the dingy stage; then I saw one face, heard one voice make sweet, true music, and felt that I should like to look and listen forever; for Miss Fane was my Beatrice.

Little aristocrat that she looked that morning among the other women, in her plain stuff gown with its white cuffs and collar, and her boy's straw hat with the blue ribbon round it.

"A princess in disguise," I thought, while I stood talking to her for a minute or two. "How on earth does she come here?" The very question, as I knew afterwards, Miss Fane was asking herself at that time.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen," cried the stage manager, coming down briskly after his colloquy with the head carpenter; "now, then, we begin, if you please. Mrs. Fleming discovered R., he went on, reading the directions for the opening scene from the prompter's copy; R., please, Mrs. Leicester! as the leading lady lightly pursued her amusement of chaffing my suppliant rival Howard Belverstone at the opposite wing, and only deigned to hear the third or fourth summons—Mrs. Fleming discovered R.; Helen R. C. R. C., Miss Fane, please!"

And Miss Fane went away from me to be discovered by R. C. Melville continued. "Now, clear the stage there!"

And the stage was cleared, Horace Beddoe taking up a position in the front to sit in judgment on the rehearsal.

To this day I've very little notion what the place was about. I saw from my own part that Helen Carey, that is Miss Beatrice Fane, and I had one scene—a love scene of course—in the second act; gathered that the said Helen was a dependant of Mrs. Fleming's (a flirting widow, with a husband supposed to be dead years ago turning up from Australia just in time to bring down the drop on the first tableau); that she fell in love, after the proper amount of resistance, with the wrong man, Bertie Vivian (myself); and that, after the equally necessary amount of imbroiglo, all ended happily as far as we were concerned, she and I. Altogether mine wasn't a bad part, I thought; and it proved even much better than with my knowledge of the author of "Each for Himself," I had dared to anticipate. This was only a book-rehearsal, and ran on pretty quickly and smoothly. In the first act I was only on to make up the tableau; in the second I had to make passionate love to Helen Carey—a duty that of itself.

At the end of the scene I got a "bravo!" from Beddoe in the front, a nod of approval from Melville, the stage manager, at the O. P. wing; ironical congratulations from Mrs. Leicester, who hated my Helen; and a most complicated scowl from "Charles, my friend," in the person of Howard Belverstone. So I considered I might conclude that the scene had gone well. Odd if it hadn't, with my little princess in disguise to play to. She was delicious; a born actress, and a born princess to boot, I could have sworn. Again I marvelled how she came to be where she was. Of one thing, though, I felt certain, that after the first rehearsal Bertie Vivian ought to make a hit. It was just the part I could play, especially now I had seen my Helen. Beddoe thought so too.

"You'll do!" he said, when we left the theatre presently together; "I was mistaken in you. You'll make that rather a crack scene with little Fane, when you've looked it over a time or two, I shouldn't wonder."

"Thanks to her then," I returned modestly. "By the way, who is Miss Fane?"

The manager glanced at me sideways out of his shrewd eyes.

"Who is she?" he repeated; "my ingenue."

"Pooh!" I said, wondering what he was fencing for; "I know that; what else is she?"

"A very good little girl," he returned demurely; "clever and popular—the managerial notion of talent draws well."

"That's all you know about her?"

"What else should I want to know? What do you want to know?"

"Something more than you've told me. Somehow she seemed rather out of her proper element."

"Among those other women, you mean, eh? Well, I've thought so myself. She keeps them pretty well at arm's-length, though; has no friends; and no enemies, either, I believe. They all like her, the women do; but the Leicester, perhaps, who's jealous of everybody. And the men, too, like her, without one of 'em daring to make love to her. Yes, I don't wonder you fancied she looked out of place among that lot. However, here we are at your door. Come and dine at five, and be presented to Mrs. Beddoe, will you?"

With which hospitable invitation the manager left me. I went and dined at five, and was presented to Mrs. Beddoe, a piquante little woman, who played bouffonettes and burlesque princesses. Her I escorted presently to the stage door, and then took myself off to witness the performance from the managerial box.

Miss Fane was playing in two pieces that night, and I saw no one else. When the curtain fell on her for the last time, I rose and departed, and dreamed about her that night.

In due time I made my debut. That was a success. The audience kindly took to me from the first; and I had them all safe when the act-drops fell on the scene between Vivian and Helen. They called us both; the whole house was shouting my name and hers.

"Go on, man," Beddoe said, pulling back the guy wire of the drop with his own hands in his excitement. "Go on! Lead her! They're so pleased, you ought to get a double call. Now, then!"

I led her on, all quivering with the nerve strain of that last ten minutes, with her hair all loose upon her shoulders, as it had fallen when I had caught her fainting in my arms upon the stage in the course of the business. My own pulses were beating fast and hot, too. They cheered us again and again. It was the living, for that, we were back out of the footlights, out of the sight of that sea of faces, in the shelter of the prompt wing; the storm of applause dying away slowly.

"I'm so glad," her eyes said more plainly than her lips to me as I let her go, and she passed on to her dressing-room.

"And I so thankful to you," I returned. "Gallant!" Mrs. Leicester's voice said mockingly at my elbow, and Mrs. Leicester's eyes glanced viciously at Miss Fane's retreating figure. The leading lady hadn't had a call this time. I answered her with much presence of mind. "No; only grateful, Mrs. Leicester. Guess what I must be to you."

"Tell me."

"The bold blue eyes looked a challenge. Prudently I declined to accept it."

"I dare not," I said.

Melville came to my rescue at this moment with an imperious stage manager's "Stand clear there! Clear the stage, please!" followed by a raking volley at the men in the wings.

Under cover of his orders I executed a strategic movement and gained my dressing-room. The third act began and ended triumphantly. The piece was a success, and

my debut also. I went home that night under an engagement to Horace Beddoe for the remainder of the season.

I think I fairly earned my money. I worked hard, played all sorts, and lived a pleasant Bohemian life. My fellow players fraternized at a bit, Howard Belverstone and I; the last night, I fancy, because I resolutely declined the flirtation which Amy Leicester wished to engage me in. The merit was certainly not mine. What did I care about the Leicester's eyes when I had only eyes for my little Beatrice? How could I be anything but blind to her tolerable undisguised advances when I was in hot pursuit of some one else?

For that was exactly what I was engaged in; it was just that pursuit that made the time such a happy one to me. I had found out all about my little princess. She was a princess, as I had guessed directly I saw her. I loved her all the more when I knew how it was she came to be where I found her. I had nearly hit upon the cause the first night. Horace Beddoe was cognizant thereof, it seemed. It was either his discretion, or some notion that I might be wanting to take her away from him, the best friend he had ever had, that made him fence with me when I spoke to him of her.

That notion of his turned out a correct one. I did want, and did mean, to take her away from him—to take her to myself, if she would let me. One day I told her so.

For one moment I held her in my arms, and my lips held her lips. The next she had broken away from me, stretching out trembling hands to bar me back from her.

My wife! How could I marry her? I should go back to—and by, she said, to the world I left. Could I take her with me? Would she not be pointed at, spoken of, as one who had no right to be there? Ought my wife to be liable to this? No; for my own sake I must go back alone, leave her and forget her.

I told her I would never go back at all but with her, and I pleaded hard. But she could be hard, too; all the harder because she loved me. She kept out of my sight as much as she could, gave me no words but those she had to speak to me—such bitter mockery some of them seemed—on the stage; to K duenna escort, no longer mine, home at night; in short, half broke her little heart, and was utterly merciless to me. It was no longer a pleasant time. I grew savage under my punishment at last, and the day of my deliverance from my bondage to Beddoe being near at hand, swore I would leave the company, and go away from her—I knew not whither.

Mrs. Leicester, I found out afterwards, had a good deal of this to answer for. I was spiteful, or her jealousy, or whatever ill feeling it was, she set things afloat concerning my Beatrice and me that hardened the girl's heart yet more, and played the very mischief with the course of my true love. However, never mind Mrs. Leicester, I pass over those evil days and come to the last of my stay with Beddoe, to me.

Every dead wall in the place was covered with huge posters, where from he who ran might learn that to-night was positively the concluding night of Mr. Wilfred Severne's engagement, and that that individual would play Count Prull in Retribution, supported by the company.

Beddoe had chosen the piece, expecting that it would prove a success after the light comedies with which he had been favoring our houses of late; and as I had played Prull often and liked the part, I made no objection. It rather suited my present frame of mind, too; and I went down to the theatre that morning for a final rehearsal—very much the count indeed. Retribution had been very liberally mounted; and I could hear Melville drilling his fellows over the intricate working into place of the boudoir and moon light garden scene at the third act, which was to bring down the house, as I made my way through the white-washed, grave-smelling passage on to the back of the stage.

As I came down toward the rampe, I could hear some one else—Horace Beddoe, manager in chief, and using strong language with unusual freedom.

"What is the meaning of this, I should like to know!" he was asking everybody within hearing, apparently. "Ill! Stuff and nonsense! She played well enough last night; and now I'm to believe she's ill! It is a lie! She can't be ill! It's sheer spite. She knows she can put us in a hole; that there ain't any one else to play the part; and she's ill! Yah! It's sickening; it is, upon my soul!"

And Horace Beddoe swore again, and executed a short war dance, expressive of fury and disgust. His last twirl brought him face to face with me.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Trouble? Read that, sir!" He thrust a piece of paper into my hand and danced off again. The other people looked on, impressed. No one had ever seen Beddoe in such a state before.

"Read that, sir! After the whole town's been billed and canvassed; after we've spent Lord knows how much on this infernal piece; just when we're safe to make the greatest hit we've ever made; that woman goes and says she's ill, and can't play, and sends me that doctor's certificate!" And Horace ground his teeth furiously.

There it was, certainly. An orthodox document, signed by a physician, and setting forth that Mrs. Leicester was, in his opinion, not in a fit state to undertake her professional duties that evening.

Now Mrs. Leicester was to have played Clarisse de Beaupre to my count. The performance of Retribution that night was now knocked on the head.

"Well," the manager asked, "a pleasant state of things, ain't it? What's to be done?"

Melville had come down by this time, and his carpenter's rehearsal. Even he, clever at expedients as he was, had no suggestion to make, but stood staring blankly at his chief.

"It's no use," the latter said, after a long pause; "we can't make her play, I suppose, and we can't play the piece without her—confound her! We must do the best we can and improvise a bill somehow; and yet, after all the bother and expense—"

"Yes," Melville chimed in, "it is provoking. Still, I don't see how we can do it without her, as you say; unless," he broke out suddenly, struck with a brilliant idea; "unless—"

"What?" Beddoe asked eagerly.

"Get Miss Fane to play Clarisse!" Melville returned, triumphantly. "She'll do it! I do it better than Mrs. Leicester. And there'll be time for her to run through a rehearsal this morning. She'll pick up the part in a jiffy; and you can have a line in the bills asking their kind indulgence—moment's notice—that sort of thing. Don't you see?"

The manager's face brightened at once.

"You're right, Melville," he said; "capital notion! Yes; she'd do it. She's a favorite with 'em, and she'd pull it all through—if she can get the lines in time."

And Melville hurried away.

The manager rubbed his hands, his equanimity quite restored.

"The very thing, ain't it?" he asked, turning to me.

"Yes," I answered as coolly as I could. Melville's proposition had sent such a strange thrill of pleasure through me that I could have hugged the stage-manager then and there. My last night, and Beatrice Fane for my Clarisse!

"Ha!" Horace continued, "when Mrs. Leicester hears this, I shouldn't wonder if we have her down here again quite recovered and ready to go on. She thought we couldn't do without her. When she finds we can, she'll be ready to howl with vexation at having given up such a part to another woman, who'll play it better, I believe, and who shall play it now, whatever happens!"

The manager kept his word; it was Beatrice Fane who played the count's Clarisse that night.

She appeared presently in response to Melville's hasty summons, a quick, lithe, and graceful figure, her pale face when they told her what they wanted of her, but she agreed at once.

The last rehearsal began, the only one Clarisse would get. She hardly needed that. She gave out a reading of the part as quite astounded Horace Beddoe.

"She ought to have had this life before," he said to Melville. "The Leicester can't hold a candle to her. She'll do something to-night, little one will. The third act will electrify them—electrify 'em, sir!"

I knew that, too. The audience could not but catch something of the fire that made the little hands that clung to me burn and throb. My Clarisse was likely to be only too real.

That long, wearisome rehearsal ended at last. She drew her cloak about her and moved away. I followed, in time to see her sink down on a sofa that stood ready to be moved on for the opening scene.

"Beatrice, what is it? You are ill?"

"I'll play it, no pale, poor child!"

"Only tired," she said. "But don't be afraid. I shall be quite strong to-night. The count shan't find his Clarisse wanting, I promise you."

"Don't talk like that. You are ill. You shan't play this."

"I will play it. I wouldn't give it up for the world! After she flung it up—! Ah! how glad I am! She wanted to rob you of a last success; but you will have it and I shall have helped you. I could almost forgive her!" she murmured.

"Forget her what?"

"Nothing. I didn't know what I was saying. And now I shall go home and rest; it won't do to break down to-night, you know."

All she said had been spoken in that strange, feverish excitement that had come upon her during the last few hours since she knew she was to be in the play.

I drew her cloak closer about her as she rose.

"Thanks," she said; "and now au revoir, Monsieur le Comte!" She was going. I sprang after her.

"Let me take you, Beatrice, for the last time."

She stopped and turned, laughing. The soft laughter jarred on me.

"Well," she answered; "come then, for the last time. Take me."

Through the white-washed passage, heavy with grave-yard odors, into the street, chilly with autumn rain.

Walking beside her as she hurried along, I pleaded my cause with her yet once more. She would not listen; talked wildly of this and that; then, suddenly turning on me, called me cruel to speak so to her. Why should I torture her with that old story? What I wanted could never be. She had told me why before. After to-night I should go back to my proper place, and leave her where I had found her, and forget her.

And with that bitter word on her lips she was gone. I had failed again. The girl's pride was stronger than her love for me; there was an end.

I wandered about under the rain, smoking, I remember, hard, all the time, till I had to go back to the theatre and dress.

When I got there the curtain was down on the first piece; they were setting Madame de Pompadour's salon for our first act. Melville was superintending, dressed for Morisset; Beddoe, in a state of great excitement, was pervading the stage and wings generally.

"Tremendous house!" he found time to say to me, "all curious about the new Clarisse. I hear she's a real beauty, my boy, and dress. We shall ring up in ten minutes."

I waited about a little while longer, thinking I might catch a glimpse of her before we began; but she kept close in her dressing room.

The orchestra rattled its death rattle. I knew the curtain had risen by the roar of applause that greeted my Clarisse as she came down with her eyes on mine, stricken dumb and motionless at a sign from me, while the other people chattered. White, almost haggard in its feverish emotion, her face seemed not her face, but the real woman's. With the first words I spoke to Morisset my own self-consciousness went from me; I was myself no longer; was the man I played. The audience saw a count and a Clarisse that night, at all events, who weren't acting. The sight of her so changed, my love for her, my wrath against her other self, strung my nerves in a terrible tension that I never felt before. All passed as a dream in a dream I heard my own voice and hers; the voice of the other people; Beddoe speaking to me now and then when I came off; the voice of the crammed house, that grew louder and louder each time the act-drops fell. Her hands when they touched mine were now as cold as ice, now hot as fire. The fever of excitement, the passion she had been trying to fight down, the knowledge that these two hours were to be our last together, transformed her for the time. To you, too, that transformation, so absolute, so utter, would have been something fearful, as I was now; it started wilder and wilder every moment.

You know the piece; you may guess how our scenes went. We have two in the first act, between the man with a vengeance and the puffed girl-wife of that gay profligate, De Beaupre's salon, for our first act. The fever of excitement, the passion she had been trying to fight down, the knowledge that these two hours were to be our last together, transformed her for the time. To you, too, that transformation, so absolute, so utter, would have been something fearful, as I was now; it started wilder and wilder every moment.

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Old-Fashioned Cider.
 There was a farmer's wagon on the Central Market the other morning with three barrels of cider in the box, and as the farmer himself sat waiting for a customer a citizen came along and stopped to query:
 "Is that cider?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Ah! I was looking for cider. New, is it?"
 "Yes."
 "Barrels nice and clean and well rinsed out?"
 "Yes."
 "I'm a little particular about my cider. If it isn't old-fashioned cider I can't drink it."
 "This was made in the old-fashioned way," replied the farmer.
 "Was, eh! The old rule used to be to pick up all the wind falls."
 "That's what I did, sir."
 "Mixed up a dozen varieties, did you?"
 "Yes."
 "Didn't look to see if the apples were sound?"
 "No."
 "Ground everything right up with 'em, I suppose?"
 "Yes."
 "Then put about one-fourth water?"
 "About one-fourth, sir."
 "Warranted to be regular old-fashioned cider, is it?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Well, I'll be back this way in about ten minutes."
 He didn't come, though, and after waiting for about half an hour the farmer stood up to look around and observe:
 "That's the way with these town folks! Bring 'em in jest what they are sighin' fur and they've got to go pickin' and foolin' around and take a hull day to make up their minds. Even if that feller comes back he'll probably try to beat me down 'cause I had to use a few sound apples to make out the three barrels!"

An Opinion.
 "What is your opinion of Mawson?"
 "Well, for publication I have no opinion of Mawson, and privately I have even less."

His Bottom Dolor.



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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.
MONTIZAMBERT—Dec. 24, Mrs. W. C. Montizambert—a daughter.
HARPER—Dec. 25, Mrs. Richard Harper—a son.
BOND—Dec. 25, Mrs. Hedleigh Bond—a daughter.
HENSWORTH—Dec. 21, Mrs. C. W. Hensworth—a daughter.
DOWDALL—Dec. 25, Mrs. P. C. Dowdall—a son.
ROSS—Dec. 27, Mrs. A. K. Ross—a daughter.
DEAN—Dec. 25, Mrs. W. George Dean—a daughter.
ANDERSON—Dec. 24, Mrs. Jas. A. Anderson—a son.
PERRY—Dec. 26, Mrs. Edward Perry—a son.
DIGNUM—Dec. 17, Mrs. J. Albert Dignum—a daughter.
MORRIS—Dec. 19, Mrs. R. S. Morris—a daughter.

Marriages.
WALKER-ELLIS—At St. Luke's church, Toronto, on December 23, by the Rev. John Langtry, rector, Herbert R. Walker, eldest son of the late R. Irving Walker, to Florence Louise, fourth daughter of the late James E. Ellis of Toronto.
MACAULAY-MARSDEN—Dec. 24, Kenneth Macaulay to Millicent Marsden.
GUTHRIE-LAURENCE—Dec. 24, William Guthrie to M. Lawrence.
WYLLIE-GLASSFORD—Dec. 23, John Wyllie to Jeanie Glassford.
FLEMING-BUTLER—Dec. 23, A. Grant Fleming to Winifred Butler.
HARRIS-THOMSON—Dec. 23, C. L. M. Harris to Mary Thomson.
McKENZIE-McPHEE—Dec. 16, A. McKenzie to Lillian McPhee.
MOSES-CLAPP—Dec. 20, Frank Moses to Maud Clapp.
WILMOTT-THOM—Dec. 22, Walter E. Wilmott to M. Thom.
BROOKS-McULLAGH—Dec. 23, H. W. Brown to Ella McCullagh.
NICHOLSON-GREER—Dec. 24, Joseph Nicholson to Myra Greer.
GRAHAM-ORR—Dec. 25, S. R. Graham to Edyth Orr.
DURRANT-CHAPMAN—Dec. 25, W. D. Durrant to M. K. Chapman.
KIRKPATRICK-ROWE—Dec. 20, Geo. Kirkpatrick to E. Rowe.
MACPHERSON-BURTON—Dec. 26, M. Macpherson to Sophie Burton.
MOORE-DICKSON—Dec. 23, Arthur S. Moore to Jessie Dickson.

Deaths.
BRIGGS—Dec. 25, Annie S. Briggs, aged 64.
COOK—Dec. 25, Arthur Cook, aged 9.
HENDERSON—Dec. 25, George T. Henderson, aged 11.
SCOTT—Dec. 25, Jennie B. Scott, aged 28.
ARNOLD—Dec. 7, Daniel Arnold, aged 56.
CALLANDER—Dec. 25, John J. Callander, aged 14.
DISSETTE—Dec. 27, John Dissette, aged 50.
HUGHES—Dec. 26, Lucy P. Hughes, aged 47.
SAMPSON—Dec. 26, Lilla Blanche Sampson.
WHILLANS—Dec. 26, Margaret Whillans, aged 47.
O'NEILL—Dec. 28, J. F. O'Neill, aged 34.
FAHNER—Dec. 27, Emily Parker, aged 24.
LEYS—Dec. 16, Alexander Leys, aged 30.
OWEN—Dec. 25, Eleanor Amanda Owen.
TOWNLEY—Dec. 27, Isabella Townley, aged 17.
CLARK—Dec. 25, Ella Clark, aged 68.
REED—Dec. 22, Ella Reed.
BOYD—Dec. 22, Agnes Buntin Boyd, aged 75.
ANDERSON—Dec. 25, J. S. Anderson.
ALIBON—Dec. 27, John D. Allison, aged 58.
UNDERWOOD—Dec. 27, George Underwood, aged 5.
MARTIN—Dec. 27, Elsie Louisa Martin, aged 3.
CORIN—Dec. 24, Volney W. Corin, aged 50.
McGABE—Dec. 25, Norman McGabe, aged 4.
WILSON—Dec. 22, Della Louisa Wilson, aged 44.
COLE—Nov. 28, George Cole, aged 78.
ADLARD—Dec. 22, Harold J. Adlard, aged 4.
THOMPSON—Dec. 23, Henry Thompson.

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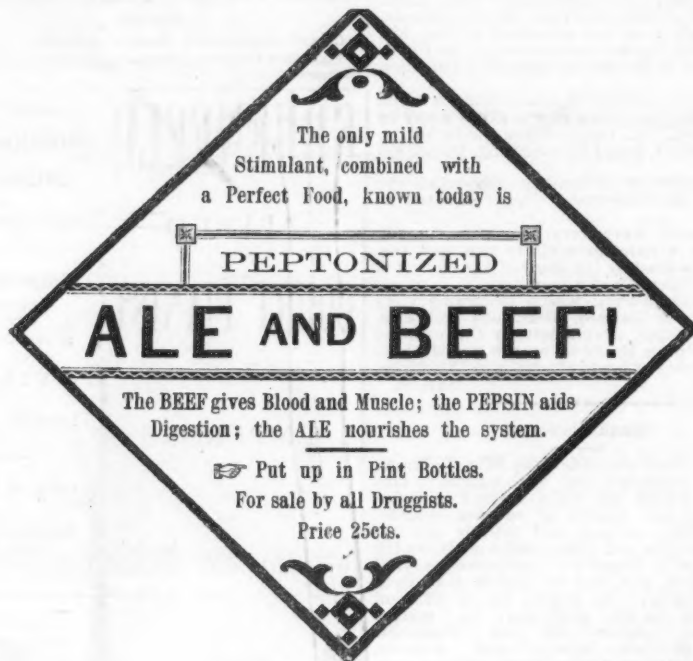
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